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## THE FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE OF POLITICS.

THE noblemen and gentlemen who settle the affairs of the nation ought to reflect that some hundreds of thousands of their countrymen are anxiously waiting to ascertain the probable course of domestic and foreign policy. With three States engaged in a desperate war, and the rest of Europe arming, while republican exiles, in their enthusiasm for belligerent despots, sneer at Englishmen to their very faces, and more consistent courtiers exult in the supposed impotence of representative Governments—at the meeting, too, of a Parliament summoned for the express purpose of simplifying the relations of parties—serious politicians are forced to put up with scraps of information which are scarcely fit to amuse the leisure of the idlest newsmonger. Of peace and war, and Parliamentary Reform, no reliable tidings can be obtained. The contemporary historian can only record that Lady A. has called on Lady B., and that Lord B. has subsequently dined with Lord A.—though one section of politicians resolutely maintains that it was not dinner, but only luncheon; and he concludes that all reciprocal jealousies and animosities are to be laid on the shelf for the present. The obvious inference that an A. B. or a B. A. Administration will be formed, is checked by the not less credible rumour that Lord B. is already plotting against his new ally, and that Lord A. disputes the alleged meaning of the recent compact. The old story of trickery and selfishness is told again without the variation of a phrase, and the interests of the world are made dependent on squabbles and intrigues almost too contemptible to furnish a provincial tea-table with gossip. Meanwhile, the honour and safety of the country are entrusted to a foreign Minister who thinks spelling a superfluous accomplishment. Lord MALMESBURY is left floating, like a soap-bubble in mid air, on a tiny cross-current produced by two rivals who are puffing away their breath in different directions.

Even if the undoubted capacity of Lord DERBY could, in the absence of earnestness and prudence, be esteemed an adequate compensation for the insufficiency of his colleague, the continued predominance of a minority in the House of Commons constitutes a grave political danger. The various sections who pass under the name of Liberals would be ready to unite in support of a new Government if they could only find a leader; and their quest might perhaps be successful, but for the inevitable pretensions of a chief whom it is impossible to dispense with, to follow, or to trust. If he were as well known throughout the country as by his political associates and rivals, there would be little reason to dread his power of mischief; and, on the other hand, if Parliamentary magnates were as uncritical as the orators of public meetings, the result of the approaching Parliamentary crisis might be easily foreseen. The necessary members of a Liberal Cabinet reasonably hesitate to accept a Premier of proved incapacity, who has repeatedly compromised his former colleagues, and once or twice betrayed them; yet they are well aware that energies insufficient for the conduct of affairs may suffice for the embarrassment or dissolution of parties, and, while their minds are thus oscillating under the influence of contradictory motives, the visits and conversations of Lord A. and Lord B. acquire unnatural importance.

While personal followers and candidates for office watch the proceedings of the competing chiefs with respectful interest, a considerable number of unattached Liberals become irritated at the undue prominence assigned to individual negotiations. Mr. ROEBUCK, in particular, never slow to take offence, is angry with one of the rival leaders for not asking his advice, while to the other he proclaims irreconcilable hostility. Lord JOHN RUSSELL would have derived little aid in his efforts to unite the party from the impetuous counsellor who declares that, with his consent, as long as any section of the body follows Lord PALMERSTON, the Liberals shall never be re-united.

It is not, however, impossible that Mr. ROEBUCK may be forgiven for the zeal which is directed against one member of the new alliance; nor will reasons for denouncing the leader whom he once followed and admired be too closely criticised by the object of his more amicable reproaches. Mr. ROEBUCK moved the vote of approbation on Lord PALMERSTON which was carried through the House of Commons on the occasion of the Greek blockade. It was in consequence of the same transaction that Lord JOHN RUSSELL subsequently turned out of office the too conspicuous colleague whom he had eulogized as "not the Minister of Austria, nor the Minister of Russia, nor the Minister of France." Mr. ROEBUCK only withdrew his support at a later period, because Lord PALMERSTON "was false and hollow, and the great enemy of the Liberal party," and also because "Lord PALMERSTON's appearance as First Minister would be throughout the Continent as a torch of war." Any man may, in the course of eight or nine years, change his opinion of any other man without necessarily laying himself open to the charge of inconsistency, but much inconvenience might arise if the ostracism of individuals by individuals were to become a recognised element in political combinations. A determined opposition to Mr. BRIGHT's party or to Mr. DISRAELI's party may be supposed to arise from an incompatibility of opinion, but there would be considerable intolerance and some presumption in a demand that either body of politicians should renounce its leader while it retains its opinions. As to Lord PALMERSTON's enmity to Reform, it partly depends on circumstances, and, as far as it is permanent, his peculiar followers may perhaps share in the impression that of some good things it is scarcely possible to have too little. The assertion that his accession to office would be a signal of war, or rather an impediment to the restoration of peace, involves, if not an unfounded accusation, at least an exaggerated compliment. The powers and responsibilities of English Ministers are not so gigantic nor so independent. If Lord PALMERSTON were to form a Cabinet, his measures would require the assent of his colleagues and the support of Parliament; and there is certainly not the smallest reason to suppose that his own conduct would be biased by any dangerous enthusiasm on any political question. Strong objections may be raised to the more orthodox Whig chief, whose spasmodic efforts to regain his former position have recently excited some uncharitable comments. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, if not "the great enemy of the Liberal party," has often done it very serious mischief, and though his accession might neither "light a torch of war" nor set the Thames on fire, his ability to check the conflagration which is spreading might be reasonably doubted. Still, those who are most sensible of his moral and intellectual failings admit that he, like any other man, has a right to succeed in the object of his ambition, if he can only command a majority and afterwards form a Government. Sensible men of business are chiefly distinguished from charlatans by their faculty of compromise, and their readiness to acquiesce in accomplished results. It may be a misfortune that circumstances should bring round to the top of the wheel the most unsteady and tortuous of political adventurers, but the House of Commons has the same power to approve of candidates for office which the constituencies exercise in the choice of representatives. Those who, in the case of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, might privately question the wisdom of the selection, would console themselves by reflecting that the least efficient of Ministers has generally been found the most troublesome firebrand of Opposition. A Reform Bill carried by a RUSSELL Government, with the necessary assent of all sections of its supporters, would differ widely from the projects which might be devised for the purpose of embarrassing successful rivals and opponents.

The prospects of the Liberal party seemed a few days ago,

and perhaps may still prove, more favourable than the conduct of its leaders deserves. The Ministerial circular was imprudently framed as if for the purpose of pinning the Opposition to an amendment; and if the challenge is accepted, the law of Parliamentary gravitation will perhaps compress the majority into a compact mass of resistance. Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI can scarcely fail to provide a peg on which an amendment might be hung; and at the worst, Lord JOHN RUSSELL can be trusted to frame a hostile resolution, if there is any hope that it may conduct him to office. Fortunately for the Government, it has been found difficult, and may perhaps even yet prove impossible, to settle the terms of alliance, and the forces who have been waiting so long for a general to command them are beginning to mutiny. The suggestion that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL should compromise their claims by taking office under a nominal Premier has met with little success, and the rival candidates have been forced to fall back on the hope that the victory which they have failed to prepare may be won for the benefit of one or both, without the active co-operation of either. Perhaps, however, the meeting which will, we are told, be held on Monday, may have the effect of convincing them that, unless they can arrange their differences, they will have to acquiesce in the selection of a new chief.

The result is, that Lord DERBY has another chance of retaining office; nor is it improbable that the divisions among his opponents may secure his position to the end of the session. There is scarcely time for any party to introduce a Reform Bill, and unless Mr. DISRAELI brings in a Budget full of ambitious absurdities, there seems to be nothing to provoke any serious party contest. It is, however, one of the many inconveniences which arise from the accidental predominance of a minority, that it is impossible to calculate with confidence on the duration of the Ministry. Any accident may unite the different sections of the Liberal party in some decisive vote, and when it is indispensably necessary to form a new Administration, perhaps Lord A. and Lord B. will exchange calls and invitations once more and to better purpose.

#### THE WAR.

THE preliminary movements of the hostile armies on the Ticino explain nothing, nor do they even prove, as completely as eager critics might wish, the incapacity of the Generals on either side. The failure of GARIBALDI'S daring enterprise shows that the war is on too great a scale to be influenced by the exploits of irregular troops. That the glory and the loss on the side of the Allies has chiefly belonged to the Sardinians is a subject of mixed satisfaction and regret. The personal prowess of King VICTOR EMMANUEL is admirably calculated to prepare the way for the establishment of his dynasty in the North of Italy. No virtue is so popular and intelligible as courage, and a just enthusiasm attends the person of a Prince who shows himself thoroughly devoted to the cause which is stirring the hearts of his people. It is perhaps unavoidable that the exceptional position of Kings should exclude them from many of the passions and sympathies of their kind, and they create a kind of grateful astonishment when they become the visible representatives of some universal feeling. The Italians have often been taunted with their unwarlike character, and they will be grateful to the crowned leader who proves for himself and for them that they are neither unequal antagonists to the Austrians nor unworthy rivals of the French. The nationality which has furnished a pretext for the war inspires the only sentiment of goodwill which reasonable Englishmen can entertain for the cause of either belligerent; but, unfortunately, the right of Austria to repel a lawless attack is found in irreconcilable conflict with the right of Italy to be free.

The territorial objects of the war seem more than ever undefined, although it may be presumed that Lombardy, if it can be wrested from the present owner, is to be annexed to Piedmont. As far as the French aggressor thought any excuse for hostilities necessary, the misgovernment of the Papal States was diligently put forward as the principal cause of dissension with Austria. It was admitted that the continued occupation of Milan was perfectly consistent with international law; and there was no reason to doubt that the questionable treaties with the minor Italian States might, under diplomatic pressure, have been modified or abandoned. It was only in Central Italy that French benevolence was

hopelessly scandalized; and it might have been thought that when the only barrier to interference was removed, the unhappy subjects of the POPE would have been the first to profit by the march of civilizing legions into the peninsula. It now appears, however, that France has recognised the neutrality of the Holy See; and the Minister of Public Worship at Paris solemnly assures the bishops and clergy that the EMPEROR intends, not only to reverence the spiritual authority of the POPE, but to maintain the inviolability of his temporal power. If, after the experience of ten years, any statesman seriously believes that an indefeasible ecclesiastical despotism will reform itself, he must also consider that, for the attainment of so simple a result, it was wholly unnecessary to plunge Europe into war. It would be unreasonable to attach any weight to Imperial professions, except so far as they are produced by permanent motives. The inconvenience of checking Italian enthusiasm at the commencement of the campaign, and of incurring embarrassing obligations, seems to have been counterbalanced by the necessity of conciliating orthodox or clerical sympathy at home. Rome was besieged in 1849, and Roman tyranny has been guaranteed down to 1859, for the exclusive purpose of satisfying that active minority of Frenchmen which professes a zealous attachment to Catholicism; and as the numbers and influence of the Ultramontane party are not likely to diminish, the reasons for respecting the neutrality and independence of the POPE seem likely to retain their present force. The fate of Tuscany is yet unknown, and probably it is not yet determined; but it is at least certain that France has not consented to acquiesce in the national election of VICTOR EMMANUEL as King. The choice between the establishment of a Bonapartist Principality and the restoration of the Archducal family probably depends on the fortunes of the war. Prudence may have suggested the expediency of keeping something in hand which may serve in future negotiations as a compensation to Austria for sacrifices in other quarters. On the whole, the prospects of Italian nationality are somewhat obscure, and it is only evident that the original pretexts of the war have little to do with its purpose or probable results.

The Germans seem disposed to assert, in their turn, the novel and sublime doctrine of nationality; for the ethnological enthusiasm which provides present occupation for half a million of men in the valley of the Po is replaced, on other frontiers of France, by a zeal for geographical symmetry. It is well known that the Rhine and the Alps are the natural boundaries of the Imperial territory, although NAPOLEON I., for the more effectual diffusion of civilization, extended the limits to Hamburg on one side, and to Rome on the other. The anomalous occupation of the left bank of the Rhine by intrusive German tribes, although it has lasted for considerably more than a thousand years, by no means interferes with the law of destiny and nature. Every French historian records with complacent pride how RICHELIEU and LOUIS XIV. successively drew the different districts of Alsace within their grasp by diplomacy, and force, and fraud. It was reserved for LOUIS XV. to annex the German province of Lorraine, and the Revolution and the Empire seemed for the time to have completed the task. Unfortunately, before French publicists heard that both banks of a river belonged of right to the same ruler, the reaction of 1814 partially substituted the law of nationality for the mystical doctrine of natural boundaries. French writers have ever since proclaimed the necessity of resuming their sacred limits, and on the other hand, not a few German bookworms have hunted up the ancient titles by which Alsace and Lorraine belonged to the Holy Roman Empire. The present war has even suggested to enthusiasts the possibility of reclaiming the ancient alienations of German territory; and fanatics talk of declaring war without further delay, and of marching at once upon Paris.

The Prussian Government is, thus far, wiser than the leaders of popular opinion. The time has not yet come for the interference of the Confederation, and it would be in the highest degree imprudent to unite all sections of Frenchmen in support of a thoroughly national war. It is scarcely too much to say that Austria will be better served by the armed neutrality of Germany than by an advance of the Federal armies into the Eastern departments of France. As long as Trieste and the Italian Tyrol are guaranteed from attack, the Austrian Generals enjoy the enormous advantage of resting on an impregnable base. It is almost impossible that the great fortresses should be cut off from their communications, except by an enemy operating on German territory. If Prussia and her allies can secure this advantage to the



Austrian cause, while they at the same time hold Russia in check, and keep 150,000 Frenchmen idle on the Rhine, they may do as much for their own objects, without shedding a drop of blood, as if the war extended to all parts of Europe. It is not a slight advantage that England, as well as Germany, should wait with unimpaired resources while France is wasting her population and her treasures in a costly war. Every month will add to the relative strength of the neutral Powers, while any rash measure on the part of Germany might probably alienate English sympathy from the side to which it at present inclines. Shallow Liberalism is already too much disposed to identify French ambition with the cause of Italian independence, and if the original aggressor seemed to be unfairly treated, or even to be overmatched, his crimes and his obvious designs would soon be slurred over and forgotten.

The military interest of the impending movements will probably for a time outweigh all political considerations. There seems little reason to doubt that the campaign will follow the course which has been generally anticipated, in the gradual advance of the allies, and the retreat of the Austrian army on its strongholds. The comparative advantages secured by either party may probably be measured by the duration of the campaign. The Austrians are fighting for time rather than for the permanent occupation of the ground which is at present covered by their armies; and if they gradually retire, they are probably only acting in accordance with a preconceived design. The assumption that every combat is a blunder or a failure when it is followed by a retreat, is founded on the erroneous belief that the contest is to be decided on the Ticino rather than on the Mincio. As there are probably 250,000 Austrians between Venice and Placentia, a rapid advance on the part of the Allies will prove that their commanders possess military qualities which they have hitherto had no opportunity of displaying. It is a singular circumstance that the only great general now known to exist in the world is living obscure and forgotten, without prospect of employment, in some remote corner of the Austrian dominions. GEORGEY rose in two years from the rank of a subaltern to the chief command of an army which he led to victory after victory in triumphant succession. The events which tarnished his glory reconciled him with the Austrian Government; but it is scarcely probable that the pride of the military hierarchy would submit to his command. If the Emperor of AUSTRIA were a great man, he would probably recognise a kindred genius; and in the balance of soldierly qualities the presence of a real commander in either army would almost certainly decide the fortune of the war.

#### OUTS AND INS.

WHATEVER be the prospect of turning out the Derby Government, the problem still remains unsolved as to the mode in which the two great Whig leaders, the acid and alkali of BROOKES's, are to be combined without explosion in a single Cabinet. One story runs that they are to accept subordinate office under a Premier who is to be a Peer—which means that Lord GRANVILLE, or somebody else, is to act as cork to the bottle which contains the unruly mixture. The same experiment was, however, tried before with Lord ABERDEEN, and, in spite of string, wires, and silver-foil, he was expelled with a bounce from his position. Another favourite Whig project sends Lord PALMERSTON to the House of Lords, where, it seems, he may be Premier or anything else he pleases. The dignity offered to him is not exactly a canonization. It is more like the process by which, according to Captain GULLIVER, a Struldbrug is created in the Commonwealth of Luggnagg, near the Island of Laputa. In that region, as soon as it becomes certain that a man is destined to be a Struldbrug or immortal—"con-demned," says the narrator, "without any fault of his own, to a perpetual continuance in this world"—he is looked upon as dead in law; his heirs succeed to his estates, and he is held incapable of any employment of trust. Though there is some show of kindness, he is treated on the whole as a public nuisance, because he threatens to live for ever. "The usual way of computing the age of Struldbrugs is by asking them what great persons they remember and then consulting history." If Lord PALMERSTON is similarly questioned by a brother Peer, he will answer that the last thing he recollects is being reconciled to Lord JOHN RUSSELL. "Ah! then it was in 1859 that your Lordship became definitively immortal."

Nothing, we are told, so exasperates the Italians at the present moment as to have the slightest imputation thrown on the motives or intentions of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The official Whigs, who are just now looking to Lord JOHN for the deliverance of their native soil from the Tory foreigner, are similarly irritated when they are told that he will most probably blow their delicate arrangement into atoms, as he has blown all former ones. Their principal weekly organ is almost pathetic on the subject, and recalls the noble language in which, in the recent debate, the author of the Resolution protested the purity of his motives. It is perfectly true that Lord JOHN RUSSELL's speech did contain such a protestation, but it is also true that he protested for the eighth or ninth time in the memory of middle-aged observers. There are many persons who, if asked to embody in a single figure their recollections of English politics, would sketch a portrait of Lord JOHN RUSSELL protesting the purity of his motives. A series of scenes in the career of a leading politician might easily be depicted after the fashion of Dr. Syntax's adventures. Lord JOHN RUSSELL abandons the Appropriation clause, and protests the purity of his motives. Lord JOHN RUSSELL proposes the eight-shilling duty, and protests the purity of his motives. Lord JOHN RUSSELL votes against the Irish Arms Bill, and protests the purity of his motives. Lord JOHN RUSSELL throws over his popular colleague, and protests the purity of his motives. Lord JOHN RUSSELL withdraws the ABERDEEN Reform Bill, and is "profoundly affected" while protesting the purity of his motives. Lord JOHN RUSSELL unmasks his unpopular colleague, and professes the deepest disdain for those who impugn the purity of his motives. We mean no aspersion on Lord JOHN RUSSELL's purity, which Mr. DISRAELI once called a precious possession of the House of Commons, but surely he has exposed it to more than the temptations of St. ANTHONY. The series of *situations scabreuses* in which the Whig Lord has been discovered is so prodigious, that his mere declarations of innocence would almost amount to evidence against him in the Divorce Court. Doubtless it is all right; but there are safer and more reputable courses in life than the line of action which just osculates the boundary between faithlessness and honour. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, to repeat his own words, was young, and is now old. If he had watched carefully, he might have stated, as the moral of his career, that he never saw the trustworthy forsaken by their colleagues, nor the candid begging vainly for the bread of place.

The truth seems to be, that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, earnestly desiring the success of the cause he has espoused, and conscious of no corrupt purpose exercising influence over him, is completely blind to his own defections from the great virtue of magnanimity. Hence, perhaps, his chronic amazement at the outcry raised against all his most conspicuous movements. Unfortunately he has, more than once, voluntarily placed himself under circumstances from which everybody not possessing unusual greatness of soul should have carefully kept aloof; and no sooner has he done this than he seems to have given the rein to his characteristic weaknesses. It is surely a safe practical rule of conduct never to do that which your enemies say you are certain to do. But Lord JOHN RUSSELL appears to act on precisely the opposite principle, and the prediction of his unfriendly critics that he will infallibly take this or that course seems to be with him a distinct reason for taking it. A few years ago he was Prime Minister with Lord PALMERSTON for his Foreign Secretary. As soon as the House of Commons had passed a special vote of confidence in Lord PALMERSTON, all the world whispered that the Premier would shortly find the means of dismissing a too powerful colleague. Accordingly, Lord JOHN took the first opportunity, which was not a particularly good one, of showing all the world that it was perfectly right. When, again, he became Minister unattached under Lord ABERDEEN, the assertion that his ambition would explode the compromise was not so much whispered as shouted aloud. Anybody else, under the circumstances, would have striven to disappoint the expectations of cynical malevolence, but Lord JOHN carefully contrived to put it in the right, while he gave it besides the unlooked-for pleasure of insisting on a malignant alternative, and attributing his conduct either to pusillanimity or to faithlessness. The spring of 1859 witnessed a fresh trial of his magnanimity. Ever since he saved the Derby Government from shipwrecking itself on its first India Bill, his ill-wishers have pretended that he merely kept it alive till the Reform question should come on the carpet, when he would simulta-

neously outmarch Lord PALMERSTON, and engage the common enemy at all hazards. Just this he did, and, for the sake of forcing his competitor to abandon or divide the command, he has allowed one of the finest divisions of the Liberal army to be cut to pieces. With all this evidence before us, it would be foolish confidence to persuade ourselves that any arrangement now making will last. Every combination in which Lord JOHN is not distinctly chief, and Lord PALMERSTON not distinctly subaltern, involves some sacrifice of ambition on the part of the former; and even though he should bring himself to submit to it at first, it is morally certain that he will repudiate it in the end. A superficial equality of position will do little to reconcile incompatible pretensions. Lord PALMERSTON, notwithstanding his want of discretion and his arrogant treatment of his supporters, has certain qualities which will always tend to make him the most conspicuous man in any Liberal Ministry — constancy, pluck, good-humour, and considerable knowledge of English character; and this tendency to go to the top Lord JOHN can only counteract by one of those pieces of dexterity which succeed through involving everybody in a general ruin. We are perfectly sincere in deprecating such a catastrophe; it will be extremely disgraceful if it occurs; but we have not the sanguine temperament of the official Whigs, and we cannot pronounce it impossible or improbable.

#### MR. BRIGHT AND THE NON-ELECTORS.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech to the non-electors of Birmingham, in addition to his familiar commonplaces of misrepresentation and malignity, involved some definite intimation of his ulterior objects. A demagogue who encourages a multitude to demand political power is not called upon to support so palatable a proposal by any elaborate or plausible argument. Promiscuous suffrage, vote by ballot, and equal electoral districts, can scarcely fail to be popular with the class which, under the new system, is to be invested with a monopoly of power. The alleged errors of the English Government in the days of GEORGE III., the obsolete Corn-laws, the project of forming bodies of volunteer riflemen, or "any other reason why," served equally well to recommend the offer of an unrestricted franchise. The audience was not inclined to criticise the logic of an orator who scarcely affected to be fair or even plausible. "I was almost stoned in the streets," said Mr. BRIGHT, by a bold figure of speech, "because I recommended neutrality five years ago, and now 'all the world is come round to my opinion.'" The national determination to protect Turkey against Russia seems not obviously incompatible with the opinion that France and Austria may be left to fight out a wholly different quarrel without English interference. The power of discrimination, the habit of modifying conduct according to change of circumstances, might perhaps be thought as consistent with statesmanship as the obstinate adherence to some predetermined rule of conduct; but Mr. BRIGHT, knowing that peace is for the present justly popular, boldly assumes to himself the championship of a policy which becomes absurd when it is regarded as a general principle. The controversy is wholly unconnected with the question of Reform, except that multitudes are more impulsive, more irresponsible, and less cautious than select and privileged monopolies. In the Crimean war, the opponents of popular feeling were, from first to last, principally found in the highest ranks of society, and there can be little doubt that the non-electors of Birmingham contributed their full share to the general demand for a rupture with Russia, and for the vigorous conduct of operations.

Mr. BRIGHT, however, only wishes to produce those convictions which may be ancillary to hatred. No other considerable politician would have made the formation of rifle-corps an excuse for reviving the memory of the unlucky riot which was called by the malcontents of forty years ago the "Manchester massacre." The yeomanry of Orator HUNT's day, if any of their number still survive, can scarcely have expected to be once more held up to odium by an abler and equally unscrupulous agitator. The perfect tranquillity which England has enjoyed for many years, the peaceable abolition of abuses, the freedom and good government of the country — all these proofs of wisdom and of good fortune excite the envy of foreigners, who attribute them, at least in part, to the existing constitution. Mr. BRIGHT rakes up every error and misfortune of sixty or seventy years for the purpose of persuading ignorant hearers that the injury and oppression they have ex-

perienced at the hands of the wealthy and educated classes require redress and vengeance. The working men are told that, whatever may be the doctrines of their Trade-Unions, they would not oppose the principles of political economy, and that if they did, they would be only retaliating on the landowner, who formerly kept up the artificial price of corn. The obstinate adherence of almost every democratic community to a system of protection is forgotten in the delinquencies of the hated English aristocracy. France and the United States impose distinctive duties on foreign produce, while the English Parliament has definitively renounced the protective theory of taxation. No chess-board of multitudinous constituencies could have done more for economic reform; and if experience or observation may be trusted, democratic legislation would have taken an entirely opposite course. But the House of Commons once shared an error with the great body of the nation, and its recurrence to sound principles is not to exempt it from the punishment which it is supposed to have deserved.

The non-electors would have been abundantly satisfied with the eloquent appeals which were addressed to their vanity, their envy, and every bad passion of their nature; but Mr. BRIGHT, elated by the fortunate anarchy of political parties, and by the consequent opening for his own ambition, sketched out some of the consequences which are to follow from the disfranchisement of the existing electoral body. He is amazed that his plans should be called revolutionary, and he boasts that, notwithstanding the physical force of his unfranchised admirers, the wealthier inhabitants of Birmingham go to bed without fear of robbery and murder. The inference that the classes which are not insanely criminal would be incapable of abusing political power, is illustrated by a suggestion that the Church property should be confiscated, and the whole taxation of the country remodelled. The salary, as it is invidiously called, of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, is contrasted with the income allowed to a Prime Minister; but Mr. BRIGHT is not the man to pull down the revenues of the hierarchy for the benefit of incumbents and curates who would repudiate his interference with unanimous indignation. The system which places peerages and princely incomes within the reach of humble aspirants, is not, perhaps, whatever may be its defects, altogether oligarchical. The spoliation of the estates of the Church has always been considered a revolutionary measure, even by those who may have regarded it as justifiable and expedient; and, on the whole, Mr. BRIGHT shows his good sense when he admits that his Americanized Legislature is not to limit its action by the traditions of that English House of Commons which, in a former age, was supposed to protect "property" as well as "liberty."

The proposed shifting of taxation is more significant as a deliberate scheme of revolutionary injustice; for Mr. BRIGHT intends, with the aid of his operative constituencies, to transfer all the burdens of the State to realized property. As he truly says, there is no other country in which so large a part of the population depends wholly on the wages of labour; and it was not necessary to inform a meeting of working men that the social system which he condemns is at the same time the cause, the result, and the chief characteristic of the unparalleled productive power which distinguishes England from the rest of the world. The organization of labour, which has been dreamt and prated of by French and German charlatans, has been realized, without coercion or interference with individual freedom, in the harmonious co-operation of labour with capital which is found in the farms of Norfolk and Lincolnshire as well as in the mills of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The Birmingham artisan who earns 100*l.* or 150*l.* a year, has little reason to envy the peasant proprietor who starves in a French Department on a tenth part of the same income; and if he contributes a portion of his earnings to the State in the form of duties on consumption, the scale of remuneration has been practically adjusted to the artificial price of taxed commodities. The strong economical arguments which may be urged in support of direct taxation would be utterly inapplicable to projects for taking a per-centage from rents and interest, while profits and wages were exempted from their due share of contribution.

The great advocate of peace and of public frugality proposes to secure reduction of expenditure by placing all political power in the hands of those who are to be wholly exempted from taxation. Landlords, fundholders, shareholders, manufacturers, and professional men are to be



swamped in a mass of exaggerated Marylebones, where no educated men will have any motive for tendering a vote which must necessarily be altogether inoperative. The electors, through their representatives, will impose taxes on property at pleasure, and they will spend the proceeds at their discretion. The delegates may perhaps be willing to confine themselves to jobbery, but the irresponsible constituencies will occasionally indulge in a war at the apparent expense of their wealthier countrymen. It is true that the consequences will ultimately fall on trade and industry, but the removal of all visible connexion between taxation and representation will in the mean time encourage reckless extravagance.

It will be well if the vaguer advocates of sweeping reforms take the trouble to understand what a thorough-going innovator really proposes to effect by a change in the Constitution. The ideal working-man is not intended by Mr. BRIGHT to stand perpetually in an attitude selected by rhetorical artists who profess to take his likeness. On the contrary, he is to stretch one hand to episcopal revenues, and to put the other in the pocket of his condescending patron. He is to abolish the dominion of the classes who at present exercise political power, and by financial arrangements he is to pay himself amply for his trouble. If he revenges himself for Peterloo, he will only prove that his memory is inconveniently tenacious; and when he passes Socialist laws, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is having his turn after the supporters of the Corn-laws. Mr. BRIGHT, if his rabid animosity often leads him into false history and bad logic, never sinks into the indolent twaddle which is familiar on the tongues of his half-and-half allies.

#### LORD MALMESBURY AND THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONERS.

LORD MALMESBURY has made a great mess of a very simple matter, and has given what it is so dangerous for a Minister in his position to give—the opportunity of a standing joke being always brought up against him. A blunder which every one can appreciate is ruin to a man who is universally known to be incompetent for his post. What the geography of Delhi was to Mr. VERNON SMITH, spelling will henceforth be to Lord MALMESBURY. He will always be known as the Foreign Secretary who thought it made no difference whether diligence was spelt in his department with one “l” or two, if exaggerated lost a “g,” and “similar” was turned into “simular.” He will never hear the last of his *attachés* who sign with marks, of his diplomatists who get their grooms to record their bets, of the difficulties that are likely to occur when the young man who can write and spell is out of the way at any of our legations. Had he been a man of powerful but crotchety intellect, he might have got over the prejudice naturally excited against him by his contempt for orthography. But Lord MALMESBURY is known to be much below the ordinary level of English statesmen, and this conviction has been necessarily strengthened by the laudations bestowed on him by his colleagues. When a statesman is fit for his post, it is understood to be an insult to puff him. But it is not only that Lord MALMESBURY has adopted a crotchet. He has explained and defended his crotchet at length; and the singular misapprehension of the point at issue, the confusion of argument, and the inaccuracy of English which mark his statement throughout clearly stamp him as a man below the mark of educated Englishmen. We need not take any very exceptional standard. We need not compare Lord MALMESBURY with Lord ABERDEEN or Lord PALMERSTON; but we may safely say that there is no one who has held a Secretaryship of State since the Reform Bill who could, in his laziest and most unguarded moments, have penned the sentences which he sent for the consideration of the Civil Service Commissioners in two elaborate and carefully studied letters.

It is easy to dispose of the reasons which Lord MALMESBURY advances against good spelling. Indeed, the Civil Service Commissioners have triumphantly answered them in their printed reply. The question at issue was whether a candidate for admission to the diplomatic service should be required to spell correctly and write legibly. Lord MALMESBURY did not at all object to the system by which the competency of the candidate is tested, but he denied that good spelling and good handwriting had anything to do with competency. The absurdity of requiring an *attaché* to write distinctly seemed to Lord MALMESBURY so obvious that he would not even discuss the point. The Commissioners replied, first, that with all due submission to his Lord-

ship's practical experience, they should have considered it advantageous in a public office that despatches, after being written, should also be capable of being read, and secondly, that in requiring candidates to write legibly they were only complying with an express instruction given by Lord CLARENDON. But Lord MALMESBURY argues the spelling question at full length. His reasons are astonishing. He first lays it down that *attachés* are, by the nature of their profession, required to be particularly gentlemanly, and that for such persons spelling must be looked on as a very “mechanical and stereotyped class of knowledge.” He proceeds to assert that there is no such thing as good spelling. It is a matter of pure caprice and temporary fashion how any word is spelt, and by the time the *attaché* becomes an ambassador the way of spelling he learnt as an *attaché* will be quite out of date. He concludes by saying that correct spelling is a thing very easily learnt, and that the *attaché* is sure to pick it up very soon. We thus gather that correct spelling need not be required from a gentlemanly young diplomatist, because it is too ignoble, because there is no such thing, and because it will come of itself. The Civil Service Commissioners do not get the roasting of a Foreign Secretary every day, but when they do, they work him off in the neatest possible manner. With admirable courtesy, irony, and mock gravity, and with endless protestations of diffidence and humility, they suggest that gentlemen of high social position in other branches of the Civil Service never grumble at having to spell correctly, and that the English language is sufficiently fixed to make the spelling of such words as “diligence,” “exaggerated,” and “similar,” a perfectly settled matter. And they add that it cannot be an invariable occurrence that young men who have a fancy for the diplomatic line learn spelling all at once, inasmuch as candidates who have been rejected for bad spelling have failed, on a second examination, to show that they have made any great progress in what Lord MALMESBURY calls the “capricious science.”

An ingenious correspondent of the *Times* has attempted to retort the attack of the Commissioners by showing that they cannot spell themselves. His letter was amusing, but no one could accept it as a serious argument. Even supposing that the persons entrusted with the duty of setting questions have spelt wrongly such words as Bordeaux and Hofer, and that the printed misspelling is not the fault of the printer, the difference between misspelling a proper name and a common English word is obvious. If, in his despatches in the Portuguese affair, we had found Lord MALMESBURY speaking of the *Charles et George*, we should have thought he had made an accidental slip, but if we had found him speaking of “immawtle trewhths,” we should have set him down as quite unfit to be a British Minister. There is a kind of bad spelling which is fatal, whether it comes from a man or a boy. It must be remembered how enormous are the advantages which young gentlemen “of a certain position” have enjoyed from their cradle up to the time when they come to be examined. They have had every kind of governess, tutor, teacher and master. They have been at school generally for nine or ten years. They have been offered instruction in at least three foreign tongues. They have done endless exercises, written numerous letters, been always with people whose spoken conversation is in tolerably good English. A boy who, in spite of all this, heaped together a series of blunders in words so common and obvious as “diligence” and the others we have mentioned, could give no greater proof of his laziness and stupidity. We must not judge the question as if the examiners were charged with having been needlessly severe. It is conceded that the mistakes made by the candidates who were rejected were numerous, gross, and glaring. It is also conceded that it was the business of the examiners to say whether these candidates were competent to discharge the duties of their profession. They could not have a better test than this spelling test. A boy who at eighteen, after an expensive and careful education, makes a series of mistakes in spelling, is beyond doubt a very stupid, and is also probably a very lazy boy. If it is said that, although stupid and lazy, he may be gentlemanly, and therefore fit for an *attaché*, the reply is ready. The examination was instituted to prevent young men who are stupid and lazy from holding a public post in the Queen's service; and to object to making spelling a requisite is to object to the examination altogether. It is quite open to any one to take this course; but it is not open to Lord MALMESBURY to accept the examination and exclude spelling from its scope.

By these foolish letters Lord MALMESBURY has done the service over which he presides a great injury and a great injustice. There exists in the breast of the British public a feeling of half distrust of, and half contempt for, the diplomatic body; and as this feeling is increasing and is widely spread, it is not to be despised. The notion that we maintain on the Continent a set of idle, silly, arrogant young profligates, who draw the public money, claim to represent England, and yet try on every occasion to mystify and bamboozle all out of their own clique, is a notion peculiarly distasteful to the ordinary Englishman. The diplomatic body in a very few years will have hard work to hold its present position, and will be constantly assailed by the jealousy that dreads all political secrecy, by the envy that dislikes all aristocratic privileges, and by the economy which will pronounce it useless in the days of telegraphs. The necessary difficulties with which it has to contend will be enormously increased if Lord MALMESBURY succeeds in diffusing the belief that any *attaché* is considered fit for the service, and will be pushed in it by his connexions, however stupid and lazy he may be. And not only will the diffusion of this belief be an injury to the diplomatic body—it will be a great injustice. Those who are acquainted with the younger members of that body will agree with us in wondering how it can happen that there are so many men of ability and promise in a service that has so few prizes, and condemns almost all its members to such long periods of irritating inaction. There is a remarkable number of young men in the English diplomatic service who eagerly court hard work, who like to understand the principles of their profession, who have taken great pains to educate themselves well, and who are full of the wish to do their duty thoroughly, and to serve the public honestly. It is very hard on such men that the reputation of the body to which they belong should suffer by the indiscretion of their temporary chief. It also would be very hard on them if Lord MALMESBURY could succeed in swamping the service with his ignorant favourites. The sort of *attachés* who make it hated are exactly the gentlemanly men who are hazy about their spelling, the men who have passed through years of good schooling without exerting any of their faculties, and have learnt not to be ashamed of being excelled by children in common knowledge. When these men are placed in a public position they attempt to evade criticism by a shallow superciliousness, and to impose on the world by the affectation of mysteriousness and secrecy. England is for the moment content that the diplomatic body should be unnecessarily large and exclusively aristocratic. Those who are interested in keeping things as they are could not make a greater mistake than to encourage the notion that any one "of a certain position" is thought fit to be an *attaché*, although he cannot spell common English words, and no one but a professed decipherer can read his handwriting.

#### THE BRAMBLE SHALL BE KING.

THE very oldest and most Oriental of all fables seems to be receiving a new and apposite, if not very literal fulfilment. As in JOTHAM'S parable, the Trees cannot agree about the King which is to reign over them. Olive-tree, and Fig-tree, and Vine are not so contented with the contemplation and perfection of their fulness, and their sweetness, and their cheeriness, as to refuse to be promoted over the Trees. But the Trees themselves are getting tired of the inevitable Olive, and Fig-tree, and Vine. Our RUSSELL, and our PALMERSTON, and even our DERBY, cloy upon us—we have had enough of the old anointed monarchs of the grove. After all, it is said that there is a solution of the difficulty. When the Fig-tree and the Vine quarrel, and when the people will not have the Olive, the Bramble will sacrifice himself for the good of the people. If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow, and if not, let fire come out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon. It was a plucky little weed, that Bramble, after all. Yet who is ABIMELECH that we should serve him, and who are the vain and light persons that he has hired for threescore and ten pieces of silver to talk the talk for ABIMELECH, the son of JERUBBAAL?

Well, the Fig-tree and the Vine, who cannot agree about the kingship, may stand reasonably enough for Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON; and the Olive-tree, which in our perversity, as the Tories would say, we are about to cashier, is of course Lord DERBY. Not that we are going to be more explicit in interpreting. Every simile halts on at

least one leg. There is no great sweetness in the great RUSSELL—it is, if not a barren fig-tree, at least not a very luscious fruit that he bears; and the wine of PALMERSTON, though occasionally merry, is oftener of sour grapes. But it is, we fear, undeniable that there is too strong a following for either to give way, and too intense a hatred on either side for an alliance. Each has injured the other too deeply not to have come to the happy Christian stand-point when it becomes a necessity to hate the victim. Their mutual animosities, and the long career of wrongs only partly avenged, and the little outstanding accounts not thoroughly satisfied, have been lately summed up; and the result is, that we all see the account stands open. It is an account which can only be closed by the receipt in full of survivorship. It is quite pretty to counsel forgiveness and forbearance, when everybody knows that the man who first forgives is politically *felo-de-se*. The one of the two rivals who is not Premier is simply tied to the chariot wheels of his conqueror—he is not the colleague at the board, but the slave in the procession. In the very same breath that either of the little quarrelsome boys is told to go and make it up and kiss his brother, the two scufflers are admonished that politicians neither forgive nor forget. We are gravely and with much caution reminded that what the country wants is abnegation of self, modesty, disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and all those virtues which CINCINNATUS and all those fine fellows used to play. Not that—we seem to hear it said—either you My Lord JOHN, or you My Lord Viscount are very likely in your old age to play off those romantic and sentimental virtues; that was an ugly kick on the shins which in 1851 you, JOHNNY, gave to poor HARRY when you turned him out about that little matter of the despatch; and then in 1852 it was a dirty bit of spite and retaliation when you, HARRY, put the stone under the wheel and upset JOHNNY'S coach. And then we all know—or, if we had forgotten, we are amiably reminded—that there has not been a year from that time to this but the whole house from nursery to parlour has been disturbed by their wranglings and fightings. What pinching and scratching, and black eyes, and bloody sconces, and all about these two boys! They never have agreed; and of course the likelihood that they will agree now that they have grown grey and seventy-two in the habit of quarrelling is further off than ever.

This is what last Friday's article in the *Times* said, and had it not been for a single sentence, everybody might have wondered what on earth it was written for. There was, indeed, an object, though one very delicately and cautiously veiled. The whole thing was evidently a feeler—just a very small patrol detached on a very doubtful and hesitating reconnaissance. Lord PALMERSTON went do; Lord JOHN went do; Fig-tree and Vine can't agree; there is too much to forgive, and yet somehow there ought to be forgiveness. If they were anything but statesmen, it would be quite absurd and preposterous to think of their ever sitting down at the same table. Two neighbours, two squires, two parsons, with a tenth less cause, would swear and keep a sacred oath never to forget or forgive. And yet something must be done. Neither, of course, can give way. The Olive-tree—Lord DERBY, that is to say—must of course go. Well, what does it all mean? Lord JOHN cannot be Premier with Lord PALMERSTON as his Secretary; and *vice versa* neither can Lord PALMERSTON expect to be Premier with his ancient foe in a subordinate office. That is most certain, and yet whoever forgives most, when it is quite plain that neither can forgive at all, deserves best of his country.

And the next day the whole enigma was propounded again in terms more hopelessly obscure than ever, though with an exaggeration of the utter hopelessness of a compromise. Each of the two chieftains was, by way of conclusion, pronounced to be "ready to be the chief of a Reform Cabinet, but not otherwise to assist the cause." Well, as we have said, at first sight the two articles seem to have been—as many other two articles are—merely the expression of a writer who, having nothing to say, said that nothing by filling the inevitable column with as much graceful no-conclusion out of inapplicable premises as could be conceived. What did the two articles come to? No politician ever forgives a political wrong. Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON are statesmen. Therefore Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL ought to forget and forgive. So said the leader. But they went—added the reader. There was, however, a tinge of exacerbation in the second article—a suspicion of an overture made and a consequent failure—



altogether a look of a manœuvre breaking down, and the confession of a hint not taken, which led the curious to investigate further. In the first article was suggested—just glanced at, faintly adumbrated, most delicately hinted like the most modest suspicion of onion in a first-rate sauce—a pretty political arrangement which, as it was not repeated in Saturday's paper, we may conclude to be what the French call a *coup manqué*. The sentence which contains it might have escaped all but the most suspicious and unsentimental of readers. "There really is no reason why these two men should not get on well under almost any arrangement. If they cannot divide honour and power to their mutual satisfaction, while one is nominal chief, there are several most unexceptionable statesmen who would hold the post of honour without unduly presuming on a titular supremacy." Nineteen out of twenty readers of the *Times* of 27th May passed over this sentence. And yet there was much in it. Bramble here came forward, and was content to be promoted to be King over all the Trees—only nobody put their trust in the noble Bramble. To be sure there was no reason that Bramble should not be King. His father was a LEVESON-GOWER, and his mother was a CAVENDISH, and his own name was GRANVILLE; and he had served the apprenticeship to statecraft, and he had held every conceivable office. He had tried his hand at everything, and had never had the luck to make a success, or a spoon, or to mar one. He had never attained to the dignity of even a considerable blunder. He had been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs at starting, and once, for a very little while, he had been chief Secretary at the Foreign office; and he had been once Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Paymaster of the Forces, and once Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and once Treasurer of the Navy, and once President of the Council—to say nothing of little pieces of bye preferment, such as Master of the Buckhounds, Commissioner of Railroads, and Vice-President of the Great Exhibition Commissioners—

A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but every Minister's epitome.

Trade and commerce, war and finance, ships and regiments—*domi forisque*—equally at home at a rasper with the QUEEN's hounds and a stiff piece of statistics, to say nothing of the railway experience and that of the Crystal Palace—why Bramble had a good deal to say for himself. Why should not the Earl of GRANVILLE hold the titular supremacy? Why should not Bramble be king, and Fig-tree and Vine agree to be secretaries under Bramble? Well. Why not? We suppose, comparing Saturday's article with Friday's, that it went do. ABIMELECH had hired the vain and light persons to talk for him, but nobody heeded the talk. Bramble, we take it, is not to be King. The much-experienced Lord GRANVILLE is hardly thought to be strong enough to play the part at once of Lord LIVERPOOL and Lord GODERICH. Fig-tree and Vine must agree to fight it out, or to give up the place to the Olive. We admit that we are in evil case; but still, failing Lord DERBY, and Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord JOHN, Bramble went do. Lord GRANVILLE has his place in the forest. But he is not the coming man. We will not have him to reign over us. Judging from last Thursday's essay on the claims to the kingship of the Trees, it seems that, as neither Fig-tree nor Vine is likely or inclined to waive an inch in their inconvenient conflict of claims—and that as the poor little Bramble found no one to answer the very little appeal which was made for him, and to lift up even a single cap for King GRANVILLE—we are, after all, to be content with the Olive-tree to reign over us, and the constitutional office of Leader of the Opposition is, like the Spartan or Brentford Kingship, to be divided.

#### THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A PROPERTY of human nature which has not been sufficiently discussed by moralists or physiologists is its tendency to go on paying subscriptions after there has ceased to be the faintest reason for paying them. A subscription-list is an invention which involves the discovery of the perpetual motion. It is true that a few of the persons who put themselves down for a guinea a year get disgusted at the collector's second or third visit, but of these few fewer still have the strength of mind to withdraw their names, and the immense majority of subscribers go on paying guineas long after history has forgotten the cause which originally provoked their contributions. The fact that a regularly recurring

expense, like a regularly recurring indulgence, becomes a confirmed habit, is exceedingly interesting to the scientific observer. It explains, for instance, the apparent paradox current in the journalistic world, that there is nothing so hard as to kill a newspaper. It may change its politics, it may change its editor, it may change its writers, it may change its type; and yet, though all these changes be immeasurably for the worse, the habit of paying for it, and consequently of taking it in, has worked into the inmost fibre of its subscribers and cannot be eradicated. Hence it is that more than one weekly and daily newspaper continues to exist, like a sort of *Journal aux Camélias*, always saleable, always expiring, yet never extinct. Philanthropic and religious societies furnish a still more striking example of the same rule. Victory and satiety, which usually give the death-blow to exertion, seem to have no effect on them whatever; for the subscribers insist on paying their subscriptions, and therefore some mode of spending them must be found, and some arguments must be devised to colour the expenditure.

We verily believe that if the objects of the Jews' Conversion Society were completely realized by the Christianization of all the professed Hebrews in the world, and their transportation to the Holy Land, the Society would go on drawing subscriptions on the plea that the descendants of the Lost Tribes had been discovered somewhere in Nova Zembla, or in the Archipelago of Borrioboola. No success—not even the consciousness that a suicide is due to common decency—can bring about the dissolution of an Association supported by voluntary contributions. The Anti-Corn-Law League is a singular case in point. It was perfectly well aware that its time had come; it actually pretended to die, and people sang at its funeral. Yet, twelve years afterwards we find it existing under a new name, and incurring the hatred of all men as the Manchester Reform Association. But the most astonishing defiance of the debt of nature is that exemplified in the Anti-Slavery Society. It had obtained every one of its objects. It had annihilated slavery in the British dominions, and confirmed it in the United States. It had made several great reputations out of very middling materials. Nay, it had not only had its victory, but its revenge. The League had some excuse for indulging itself with a posthumous and pseudonymous existence, for the country gentlemen are rather better than worse for Free-trade; so that it was a pardonable weakness in the genuine Manchester Radical to join Mr. BRIGHT in crying *haro* on the "territorial oligarchy." But the Anti-slavery gentlemen have utterly crushed and ruined their antagonists. The descendants of the men who insolently drove their coaches to St. Stephen's to give impious votes against WILBERFORCE and BUXTON are starving in garrets, scribbling painfully at desks, or washing gold dust from mud at Ballarat and Bendigo. Why, then, after such a victory and so deep a draught of the wine of revenge, should the friends and brethren of the negro condescend to live after death in a series of exhibitions distinguished by all the imbecility of a spirit summoned to a tea-party by rapping the table? The answer is, that subscriptions *will* come in, that a few old servants must somehow be provided for, and that a certain number of visionaries entertain the hope that, by starving out the whites, they shall convert the West Indies into a black republic of glorified Uncle Toms.

Mr. CHAMEROWZOV's salary is probably the final cause of the Society's *post mortem* existence, and therefore it is only just that he should find a policy for it and a certain amount of argument. But, as his policy is that of SWING, the fire-raiser, and as his arguments are nothing more than ghastly Protectionist fallacies, we do not consider them (as Lord MALMESBURY puts it) worthy of further observation. Mr. CHARLES BUXTON, whose filial piety accounts for his being found *dans cette galère*, does not exactly back up the gentleman with the Moscovite name in his attempt to prevent the West Indians from obtaining a supply of labour, but, in our judgment, he does worse. It is not quite honest to concede a principle, and then to condemn every single measure by which that principle can be carried into practice. Nothing, says Mr. BUXTON, can be more foolish than to hinder the West Indians from encouraging immigration, yet nothing can be more wicked than the Jamaica Immigration Act. Now, the Act thus complained of does nothing more than appropriate part of the public moneys of the Island to securing an additional supply of labour. This, says Mr. BUXTON, is unjust, because it taxes the negro peasantry, who have an interest in not being competed with, for the advan-

tage of the white proprietary, who will be benefited by competition. It is like taxing the English public to provide Mr. Buxton's brewery with draymen. The illustration is a little odd, for it does happen to have been said that, under the licensing system, we all pay something on our beer to multiply Mr. Buxton's draymen; but it is still stranger that Mr. Buxton should not perceive he is arguing against all legislation which threatens to disturb the relations subsisting at a given moment between employers and employed. Machinery acts on the labour market much more seriously than immigration, and it would seem therefore to be a crime in Parliament to reward a great inventor with a vote of public money, or to maintain the Patent Laws, which in effect confer a premium on the authors of new inventions. But there is a practical and therefore a conclusive answer to Mr. Buxton in the fact that a variety of British colonies have passed statutes bearing the strongest possible resemblance to the Jamaica Immigration Act. Many of them keep an emigration agent in London to paint the charms of expatriation to the British labourer, and to pay his passage-money to the colony, or part of it, from colonial funds. The laws which established these permanent agencies were all enacted—or at all events are never complained of—by democracies of white working men, who, being much more ready to labour than the West Indian negro, are much more directly affected by competition in the market. Their rough common-sense has in fact taught them that in a new or unexhausted country the labouring class has everything to gain and nothing to lose by addition to their numbers. If another conclusion reaches us from the West Indies, the reason of the difference is that the white colonist thinks for himself, while the West Indian negro has professionally engaged philanthropists to think for him.

#### PRIESTS AND PROSELYTES.

THIS is certainly not the age of great men, and great institutions seem to share in the prevailing decadence. MILTON denied the proposition, *naturam pati senium*; but few would dispute the position that great Churches suffer the incapacity of senescence. The Roman Catholics in England seem, as a body, to be curiously unable to comprehend the tottering imbecility of purpose and aim under which their communion is labouring. What they are unable to perceive is, that the very worst misfortune which can happen to what affects to be an aggressive and commanding power is to make itself ridiculous. It is a crime rather than a fault in a religious body whose first interest is to be on its best behaviour, to display in combination malice and impotence. Was it *tanti* to outrage the general European sentiment for the sake of the contemptible Jew child, MORTARA? What has been gained by the impotent struggle for the custody of that promising neophyte, MARY M'DONNELL? Mr. ROBERTS and his co-religionists have braved all the terrors of the law of England, and have been compelled to succumb with ignominy in a contest which, from the very first, it was ridiculous as well as unprincipled to provoke. The answer, of course, will be that the alleged salvation of a single soul is a matter so transcendently important that it is better to have an unequal contest where God is manifestly on one side; and that credit will redound even to failure in a cause so holy. These, we admit, are grand assumptions; but grand assumptions ought to be grandly sustained. When the appeal is of this broad character, the cause ought at once and for ever—in its prosecution as in its assumption—to be removed from the narrow and technical range of human laws. But this is just what Mr. ROBERTS did not do. Instead of sublimely confronting the majesty of human law with an authority more tremendous, Mr. ROBERTS avails himself of every small trick of chicane and duplicity. He says—and doubtless with a certain verbal literality of truth which only makes the moral and substantial untruth the more painful—that he does not know where the girl was secreted, only because he took especial and anxious care not to be informed. He evades and shuffles where dignity and principle ought to have urged him to confront boldly. He shirks, and tries, very unfortunately, to baffle, an inquiry which there would have been some sort of dignity in defying.

It is the smallness, and pettiness, and meanness, of the whole proceeding which will do so much in discrediting the Roman Catholic body. They cannot perhaps see that this sort of thing makes them contemptible. Cardinal WISEMAN, as we showed last week, is insensible to dignity; and here is

a second case proving that, as is the Cardinal, so are the clergy. The convert, it is plain, was not worth contending for. The deep spiritual convictions of any ill-taught child of twelve years of age, in the Westminster slums, are perfectly ridiculous. The mother, whose solemn convictions are so pathetically invoked, was one of the very mildest members of any religious communion. She was a Roman Catholic, to be sure, but one who seldom attended the worship of her communion; and her religious convictions were not strong enough to prevent her allowing her child during her lifetime to attend in succession all sorts of hybrid Protestant dissenting schools. The pathetic letter which the child M'DONNELL wrote to her father, conjuring him to allow her freedom of conscience betrays its authorship; and the adherence of any child to any religion when she is made much of, and prompted and petted into a cheap martyrdom, is a trick of art which a sincere reverence for religion ought to have discouraged.

What, then, have the Roman Catholic body to congratulate themselves upon in the progress and results of the M'DONNELL case? This, and only this:—not that they will compass sea and land for one proselyte—there is nothing half so noble as this in it—but that, for the sake of gaining a very small victory over a prejudiced stepmother and careless father, they have not only sown unnatural strife between father and child, but they have declared that they are willing and anxious to run this hazard and to face this imputation. They say that the religious obligation is superior to the natural tie. They claim that the natural right is to be postponed to the spiritual authority—that if the Church's rights and the father's rights come into conflict, the latter must give way. This is their principle, only they have not the courage to fight it out. Or rather, starting on this stupendous assumption, they surrender it just as soon as it becomes inconvenient; and, beginning by saying or implying that they have a right to maintain the custody of the child, they allow the child to be withdrawn both from their own and from the paternal custody, and then wipe their mouths and assert that they really are not aware what has become of the poor innocent. Had Mr. ROBERTS, we repeat, boldly and openly kept the child in his schoolroom, and defied all power save that of force to remove her, there would have been something of a grand and heroic insolence in his consistency. To have set the writ of *Habeas Corpus* at defiance would have been something; but to answer it so as to give Lord CAMPBELL the coveted opportunity of denouncing his return to the writ not only as evasive but untrue, was to descend to the kidnapper.

And this characteristic of meanness and smallness infects every stage of the proceeding. Mr. ROBERTS went to prison for contempt of court; but he could not sustain even this unsuffering confessorship. A day in a lock-up brought him to resipiscence and the child to her father. The contest being hopeless and untenable from the first only became ridiculous by the impotence of the struggle; and Mr. ROBERTS is dismissed to pay his and the father's costs, taking nothing by his motion except the contemptuous congratulation that at last he has acted like a gentleman and man of honour. Like PERKIN WARBECK he was too contemptible for even Lord CAMPBELL, curious in his tastes for hunting down Papistry, to make a martyr of. Of course it is of no use to assure Mr. ROBERTS that he has only made himself and his co-religionists ridiculous if not hateful, by this very poor attempt to snarl where it would have been dishonourable and irreligious to bite. Mr. ROBERTS cannot understand this. Doubtless he and Mrs. BONNER—a singular revival of an old and ill-omened name—will congratulate themselves on having done something very bold and religious. But surely there must be cooler heads and sounder judgments somewhere among the English Roman Catholics. To such we would say, if it is your object to recommend your convictions and your faith to religious people, these interferences with natural rights—rights upon which all religion is grounded—are a very great mistake. Especially are they a political blunder with a people who are so jealously sensitive of paternal and domestic claims as here in England we happen to be. This case is exactly of that sort which stirs up, some of us may think, the best parts of the English character—at any rate that class of national and natural feeling where we are most keenly alive. It is, moreover, just that character of Romanism which rightly or wrongly has brought it into most odium, that comes out so uncomfortably in the whole case. This is the grasping, swaggering tongue-valiantness which is very bold with women and children,



but which whines and cowers before men and law. Mr. ROBERTS defying the step-mother is like AJAX confronting the sun. Mr. ROBERTS in his affidavit, really upon his honour, excusing himself and apologizing—not precisely saying that he did not know where the child was, but only that he could not exactly return it into Court—much more resembles THERSITES whimpering under the knotted staff of ULYSSES. The contrast is hardly edifying to the communion which it represents. And undoubtedly Mr. ROBERTS's affidavit does exactly represent what popularly and perhaps often unjustly is identified with Jesuitry. It shows that the arts of evasion, and amphibology, and ambiguity are not extinct. Mr. ROBERTS has brought into hard, tangible, legal facts what controversialists, not always fairly, charge against the system; and so far he has done as much to harden and confirm all prejudices against that system as its most ardent enemies could desire.

## SMITH'S DRAG.

"WHEN my friend Smith's drag comes round to his door, as he and I are standing on the steps ready to go out for a drive, how cheerful and frisky the horses look." Such is the way in which a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for this month begins the review of a book of heavy metaphysics. He puts this bit of pleasantry between us and the dreary consideration of *Man and his Dwelling Place*. It is a piece of art which is well worth noticing, because it is the key to a great portion of current literature. Where all the light literature comes from must be a wonder to those who are not behind the scenes. How do you do it? How, when you know nothing of a subject assigned you, care nothing for it, and have evidently no intention of getting it up, do you still turn out a handsome saleable article? "Sir," the dexterous reviewer might answer, "I make my friend Smith start his drag. Smith's drag will always carry me through." The reviewer, in fact, takes the first thing that comes into his head—one thing is as good as another. He handles it funnily and lengthily. The topic suggests another. Smith's drag gets into a canter. The reviewer pulls up, blames himself for digressing, and goes off on a new digression. Smith's drag is away at a hand-gallop. The difficulty is over, the task is achieved. The article promises to be light. It is already half done. The reader is deluded by all this colloquial, good-humoured, irrelevant facetiousness. He is prepared to have the heavy part knocked off in a careless, slashing, conversational sort of way. The reviewer screws himself up to do the metaphysics, and before either he or any one else could guess he had been philosophical, he has got through his philosophy.

From a very early period philosophers have felt that they must lure the unphilosophical world into abstruse discussions by seductive, unphilosophical openings. Plato describes a plane-tree, Cicero is started by the polished intercession of Brutus that he will resume a recent conversation. Bishop Berkeley sets off with a disquisition on tar-water. But it was reserved for modern Magazine writers to carry the art to perfection. The vehicle that set older writers going was but a donkey-cart as compared with the real Smith's drag of later days. The book reviewed in the article we have referred to is *Man and his Dwelling Place*. The ingenious author asserts that everything we see is alive, and that we only are dead. Here was a metaphysical crux for a reviewer. The critic had nothing more to say than that, for his part, he considered himself alive. But it would never do to say this in so many words, for the article in that case would have been short though sound. So the writer had recourse to the great resource of starting Smith's drag. He gives a long description of the conveyance, of the horses, of his own sensations when the horses begin to move on. The reader begins to wonder what the deuce this can have to do with a metaphysical problem. He must, however, wait. We are next introduced to a scene of humble labour. It is a lovely morning. Ploughmen, bricklayers, gardeners are beginning to work in their respective callings. The puzzle is increased. Why these excellent artisans?—what are they, as well as Smith's horses, brought on the stage for? The mystery is solved at the end of a page. Both Smith's horses and the bricklayers go to their work as if they liked it; but the reviewer does not like having to write his review. This is the connexion, and quite close enough too, for a light article. The writer then proceeds to ask his reader, How is he to go on? and suggests that he should get up and look out of the window. He takes his own admirable advice, and tells us what he sees—sunshine, tall tree-tops, parish church, and so forth. But he cannot enjoy the view. His mind is not at ease. It might naturally be supposed that the cause of disturbance was an anxiety about his own production. Not a bit. He is disturbed because in the last month's number of the magazine he was writing for there was an unorthodox article. This "acts blisteringly on him." He makes a protest on behalf of Christianity. In order to escape the harassing disquiet of scepticism, he rushes once more to the window. Fresh description of scenery. "The sky is very bright blue, with many fleecy clouds. Quiet, quiet." He gets composed, and begins to speak of the book he is reviewing. But it will not do—he has nothing to say. Smith's drag must be

brought once more to the door. "I cannot forget that May magazine that is lying in the corner." Four more columns of stern, protesting orthodoxy—a good, wordy, plaintive, nice-minded protest. Smith's drag is whirling along famously, and by the time that the gallant steeds are pulled up, and *Man and his Dwelling Place* is really taken in hand, half the work is over, and the reader is prepared to have the philosophy in a jaunty, desultory, picnic sort of way.

Surely this is a great invention. We are not in the least disposed to quarrel with the writer, or to consider the course he has taken derogatory to the publication for which he writes. Magazines must be light. A monthly cannot treat metaphysics with the prolixity and thoroughness that are proper to a quarterly. A mere sensible, patient demonstration that man is not dead, and that his dwelling-place is dead, might be all very well in fifty octavo pages of a quarterly that is to go among grave men, and be read by bishops and judges at the Athenæum; but a monthly magazine must address the public that loves to be amused as well as instructed, and the portion of truth conveyed in that way is not to be despised. After all, the officers strong as the heroes of Guy Livingstone, the hasty travellers, the swift lady readers, who are to be indoctrinated with metaphysical truth, do get to know once for all that they are quite at liberty to consider themselves alive if they wish. This is the essential point, and if Smith's drag brings it home to them, why should not that harmless equipage be put on the road? To write in this way is the tradition of monthly magazines. Professor Wilson, who contributed more than any man to give them a distinct place in literature, always did his heavy subjects in this way. He drove Smith's drag harder than any one has driven it since. He always had recourse to its assistance in the exposition of the tenets of philosophical Conservatism. If, for example, he wanted to praise the British Constitution, he was far too sharp to repeat the platitudes of De Lolme and Blackstone. He drew on his "wut" for a funny beginning, to make the thing pleasant. He sketched an imaginary supper. He enumerated the dishes. He cursed the man that did not adore boiled beef and greens. He made his shepherd half drunk; and then, when no one knew what he was at, when a sort of genial haziness and intoxicated wildness had begun to pervade everything, he slid into his main subject and put in a good fat page of Tory doctrine. The art is not one to be despised. How would the ordinary Scotchman have ever been brought to a conviction that the Constitution was "just a grand sik tree," if he had not had the process of conviction made pleasant for him in this way? How should the skipping, supercilious magazine reader be ever induced to suppose that any one could seriously have thought he was already dead and buried, unless he had been enticed to notice the supposition by seeing an eloquent description of the turn-out of "my friend Smith?"

Even the greatest and biggest of periodical publications adopts the same plan. The *Times* takes care not to plunge all at once into a dry subject. It is one of the rules of that journal that heavy subjects must have a light opening. The opening may be irrelevant, absurd, flighty, but it must be there. Who does not know these curious efforts of human cleverness, and has not often amused himself with guessing what could be the subject to which they were introductory? The writer, for instance, has a heavy subject assigned him, such as a Report on the Health of London. A glance at the introductory summary shows him that scarlet fever is on the increase. This is the thing to be said; and if said in its plain unadulterated shape it would be a scandalously dull piece of reading. But the writer knows his trade. He thinks of something to make a lively beginning. Anything will do, provided that it is a subject that can be treated lightly. He has perhaps been travelling abroad, and remembers scenes that he has witnessed at a foreign *table d'hôte*. That will do. It is no better, perhaps, than a thousand other things. Abraham killing Isaac, or the story of Bluebeard would be equally appropriate; but a *table d'hôte* is the first thought, and why should it be discarded? The varieties of Smith's drag are like cabs on a stand; and it is no use standing in the rain to make a choice. So off he goes about the *table d'hôte*. He describes the sensation caused in the British household by the departure of the family. He paints Paterfamilias buttoning up his pocket. He is great on the sufferings of Master Augustus at sea. Then come French cookery, French wines, and French waiters, and the paragraph is written. But, says the next paragraph, while these things are going on abroad, let us turn to home matters, and look for a moment at the Report on Health, &c. The statistics are summed up clearly, shortly, and satisfactorily. The bit of information which it is important the public should know, and which the public is anxious to know, so long as the process of learning it does not bore them, is administered. The increase of scarlet fever is placed before the reader so prominently, so lucidly, and so skilfully that he cannot fail to be impressed by it, and will probably have a dim remembrance of it until the leaders of the next morning drive it out of his head. Nothing remains but to recur to the beginning so as to make it seem a little connected with the main subject, and get the opportunity for a word of benignant but commanding advice. Paterfamilias is finally invited to give up one day of his projected tour, and bestow on a hospital what he saves at a *table d'hôte*. Every one must admire the dexterity with which the thing is done; and we

wish to call the attention of young writers to the process, because it is the great secret of periodical writing. But they need not despair. If they have but courage they will soon learn the art. It is the peculiarity of Smith's drag that if you once start it, it will go on all of itself. "My friend Smith," in fact, works his own team, and you have nothing to do but to sit by his side and hold tight at the corners.

Great, however, as is our respect for the invention, we think that there should be some limits to its use. Smith's drag is most unobjectionable if it merely saves us six out of fourteen pages of metaphysical discussion. Paterfamilias is quite in place if he leaves room for the statement of the increase of scarlet fever. But no one should write a book which is all introduction, and all about nothing. We have, however, lately come across such a book. It is called the *Convalescent*, and is by Mr. N. P. Willis, of American notoriety. You open the book and find that it begins with a letter to a certain General Morris. The letter says that it is freezing; that Willis has got a cold; that Willis's pig is ill; that Willis's chickens are afraid of Willis's cat. The letter ends by saying that Willis must send it to the post. You pass on to the next letter. Willis's cold is no better; the frost continues; the pig is much the same; the chickens are still restless; Willis must take this letter to the post. A third letter, containing equally important information, follows. There is no stopping and no change. Willis goes on through the whole book recording all that has happened to him or has not happened to him in an American country house some distance up the Hudson. It is in vain that we expect that Smith's drag must be going to stop. It rolls on and on until the book is finished. We never get beyond Willis's cold, and pig, and chickens. As a light conversational way of introducing a subject we can fancy an author publishing these domestic details, but that they should be put all by themselves, without any visible purpose, is curious. And what makes it still more odd is, that these letters were sent separately to a New York paper as soon as they were written. There is no reason to suppose that Morris saw the letters addressed to him until they were placed before him printed. The readers of New York papers must have a singular taste. What should we think if Mr. Dickens wrote to the *Times* to state simply that he was out of coals and intended to order some? It is most useful that a writer should learn the art of writing about the little things that personally interest him, and of weaving such descriptions into the exposition of important subjects; but light beginnings without any sense, or purpose, or sequel whatever, are positively foolish. By all means let a periodical writer know how to employ Smith's drag; but let him employ it in the legitimate way and for its proper object. Let him take the review of *Man and his Duelling Place* as a model to imitate, and the *Convalescent* as an example to avoid.

#### FALSE KNIGHTS.

WHICH of us has not read the tale of Sir Sans Pitié the False, who rode to deliver an imprisoned damsel, and having freed her, took her to his own keeping? "Ah, Sir Knight," she cried, "that is unloyally done of thee. Now know I that thou art no true man, but that I am the wofullest lady in the world; for thou hast rescued me from another, and lo! thou wouldst keep me for thyself." But for all her praying, says the story, Sir Sans Pitié took her to be his prize. So runs the significant legend—so ran many an older history of ravishing and rescue. The nineteenth century is come; the pageants of chivalry, shield and spear, tilt and tourney, are no more; but there are still false knights-errant abroad upon the world—subtle protectors of the captive and the oppressed—who disguise unknighly ends under the mask of loyal service. While one despot is rescuing "Italy the Beautiful" from another's grasp, pitying angels may well veil their faces and be sad. Surely she is the wofullest lady in the world. For many a long year she has languished under the tyranny of a jealous master, and her complaint has gone out into all parts of the earth. At last a champion strong and willing makes his appearance. But he is ill-favoured and suspicious-looking; and men whisper that he is an intriguing adventurer, who has betrayed confiding innocence before. They tell her that the wolf might as well offer to defend the lamb. However, sympathy is so sweet a thing that words of warning fall unheeded on her ear. She accepts the proffered aid, and flings her glove to this most questionable warrior. He is only too glad to wear it in his cap, and rides to do battle with her name upon his lips.

Even were this hero of hers a paragon of all the knightly virtues—a model of manly honour—one never known to violate a trust or neglect a plighted vow—Freedom would still be no proper offering to accept from any alien. There are some gifts of the gods that a people, rightly to enjoy, must take for themselves. There is a golden fruit that loses all its bloom and freshness if gathered and given us by foreign hands. Let it hang unfingered on the tree till it be ripe enough and we be great enough to reach it. Those who are not strong enough to win the precious crown of independence are not yet old enough to wear it. But there is a character which is incompatible with the generous rôle of the hero of a nation. It is that of one who has trained himself to advocate justice abroad by being false at home.

Sardinia's patron has been a champion before now, and worn the favours of a people. Once upon a time he was the chosen knight of a nation mightier than Italy. France entrusted her newborn liberties to his care, and he destroyed the nascent life under his charge. One December day saw him redeem his pledge with the bayonet thrusts of a drunken soldiery. Each cannon-shot fired on that memorable morning (and they were many, for the soul of the man was cruel) was the knell of a broken oath and a confidence betrayed. He gagged a free press, he shackled free opinion, he did his best to ruin the literature of his country by narrowing and obstructing the grooves in which literary talent might have run. At length he who had been tyranny incarnate on his own throne saw an opening for his ambition in raising the standard of revolution beyond his frontiers. Italy, who had known to her cost already what a Napoleon the First could be, not profiting by the lessons of her own history, not undeceived by the events of the last eight years, determined to try the patronage of Napoleon the Third.

We do not pretend to predict the future—we can only read the past. Sudden conversion is a moral phenomenon which without doubt occasionally occurs, and Emperors are not exempt from the casualties incidental to humanity. Louis Napoleon may belie his antecedents, turn honest man as he grows older, and, after chasing the Austrians across the Alps, retire home again to solace himself with the novel sensation of a disinterested deed. If this be plainly his best policy, we will not be so unfair upon him as to doubt his adopting it. But Emperors do not make war for nothing. The sense of favours received did not prevent Napoleon III. from threatening Switzerland; and the sense of favours conferred will hardly disqualify him for overawing Italy. French influence will paralyse the national life—French censors will moderate the emancipated press of Lombardy and Piedmont. French troops will rivet firmer the bonds of Roman Catholicism—French Princes, perhaps, will find their way (of course by universal suffrage) to the thrones of Italian Confederations. At what period is Piedmont to have back her suspended Constitution? After what distinguished service, and how soon, will Victor Emmanuel be promoted to his old rank of King, from his present position of General of Brigade? Such questions we leave those to answer who are more prophetic than ourselves. Of the darker side which the picture of the future might present we do not care to speak. If visionaries have seen in dreams a hand, which has always been on the move, stealing southwards and eastwards towards an iron crown, let them hold their peace. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. This only we will say—that when the standard of Napoleonism has been unfurled, he must be a wise man who can calculate beforehand times and seasons. A Monarch whose desire is self-aggrandizement and glory has fleshed his sword—who can tell when and where he will return it to its scabbard? Dismay may well fall upon the nations of the Continent, for they know that the Usurper is abroad.

For Englishmen, the moral of contemporary history is sufficiently obvious. These Imperial friendships, this hero-worship on the part of our statesmen, have lasted long enough. We are a modest and unambitious people. Let our Foreign Secretaries retire into the shade, and not compete with counts and brokers for the disreputable favour of an Emperor. Doubtless Lord Clarendon and Lord Malmesbury are of an affectionate disposition, but can they not learn to exercise a little self-control? How often during the last few years has our national policy been hampered, and our fair fame clouded, by these personal intimacies, so disgraceful to the successive Governments of England? Is it a consolation to know that the Cabinets of St. James and the Tuileries are on more than friendly terms, if we are thereby prevented from acting when the interests of England and of Europe are at stake? All this embracing prevents our breathing freely. Which of our rulers lifted up his voice on the question of the Danubian Principalities? We were scolded by French colonels in the *Moniteur*—Lord Clarendon was on too excellent terms with their master to answer as became a Minister. Lord Malmesbury, who took his place, was so shy and nervous between his wish to give satisfaction at home and his fear of offending abroad, that he both compromised our dignity and lost caste (which was, of course, worse) at St. Cloud. Louis Napoleon browbeat Switzerland and Portugal; but the spirit of English chivalry was dead, and gave no sign. Lord Malmesbury had too good manners not to see how awkward a contretemps any interference would have been. January of this year arrived. Volcanic rumblings were heard at once from the Alps and from the French capital—a coincidence that was at least significant. But England is so fortunate as to enjoy a Government all the members of which are in the confidence of the French Emperor. Accordingly, only fools could fancy that an eruption was possible. Thus we were led on hoodwinked day by day against our secret presentiments—day by day we were persuaded to be silent for one day more, till at last the crisis came. Thanks to the foibles of her statesmen, England never stepped aloof and spoke out, when perhaps, had she been independent, she might have saved Europe from a conflagration. Heaven grant that by bitter experience we may have learnt one lesson—to have done with mincing diplomacy. Henceforth let the motto of our foreign policy be—Peace and amity with all Courts and Cabinets, but special intimacies with none.



## THE FUTURE OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN IRELAND.

THE natural allies of Derbyism in Ireland are the Orange Tory aristocracy and their dependents, who of course retain a fond reminiscence of the last Government that was ever identified with Protestant ascendancy. The characteristics of this class have been well portrayed in the correspondence of Lord Cornwallis, and combine the arrogance of a caste and the subserviency of a needy *noblesse* with a blind animosity to Roman Catholic Ireland. Surely these men belong of right to the present occupants of the Treasury Benches. The Rodens, the Lortons, the Downshires, and the Verners, with all their adherents and appurtenances, are fitly, if not gracefully, associated with the statesmen who lend themselves to anti-Maynooth declamation, systematically exclude Roman Catholics from the jury-box, and are continually insulting the people of Ireland by proclamations and special commissions. Happily, however, the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act, the gradual progress of civilization in Ireland, and the spread of education and enlightenment, have reduced this faction to a great extent, and probably the time is not far distant when it will sink into a fortunate decrepitude. On the other hand, the natural aids to good government have of late increased rapidly in Ireland; and there is every chance that their growth will advance with that of the prosperity of the country. From the days of Grattan to this moment, Ireland has never been without a truly liberal aristocracy, who have worked honestly and sincerely in her interests, and are now beginning to recover their legitimate influence. The social revolution of the last few years has created a middle class of landowners in the country, who, by position and sympathies, are averse to Derbyism. And at the same time the progress of prosperity, combined with the clearance of the labour market by emigration, has made the lower orders of the Irish nation less dependent than they were, and therefore has brought them into closer relations than hitherto with the great Liberal party of England. How does it happen, then, that at this juncture Derbyism has had so marked a success in Ireland, and that the "great difficulty" of a "Conservative" Government has suddenly become its best "opportunity?"

In a recent article on the Irish elections we stated some of the causes of this phenomenon; and unquestionably it is due in part to the scandalous league lately struck between Lord Derby and Cardinal Wiseman, to the coquetting of the Government with Irish communism, and to the fair promises which have recently been made by the Minister to the Irish Roman Catholics. Undoubtedly, too, Lord John Russell is a great non-conductor of Liberal influences in Ireland; and the Tapers of the Conservative party have done good service by characterizing this election as a personal struggle between him and the Premier. But Liberalism would not have succumbed in Ireland if it had had a policy at this juncture adapted to the wants of the country, and if it had been free from several associations which are a serious injury to it. The misfortune of Liberalism is that, in Ireland, it has become identified with mere Whiggism; and during the last seven-and-twenty years Whiggism has barely advanced beyond the ideas of governing the country through the agency of the Romish priesthood, considering the nation merely as political capital to be augmented by a judicious jobbing of its privileges, and visiting the landed aristocracy with heavy blows and great discouragement. There may have been some use in this policy at a time when Emancipation was yet recent, when the Roman Catholic people of Ireland were in utter abasement, or entirely under sacerdotal influence, and when it was necessary to make a vigorous attack upon the strongholds of Protestant ascendancy. But it has now become obsolete and offensive when the power of the priests has considerably declined, when the growth of several new interests in Ireland requires the attention of the State to their material development, and when just and civilized political notions have been largely diffused among the Irish aristocracy. Besides this, it is notorious that the official representatives of Liberal Governments in Ireland have not, of late years, been wisely selected. They have seldom been men of real ability, they have not shown themselves alive to the requirements of the country, and they have betrayed a tendency to sacrifice the interests of their party to those of narrow cliques and obscure individuals. Hence the props of Liberalism in Ireland have gradually become weakened, while, at the same time, it has alienated a considerable portion of influence which naturally should be in alliance with it. The result has been that Derbyism has appropriated a good deal of this influence, and that it has secured the allegiance of a mass of opinion with which it has no legitimate connexion.

If we are correct in these views, it follows that a truly Liberal policy is yet to be inaugurated in Ireland. The time has come for rejecting the narrow scheme of governing the country in any special interest, and for attempting to prove to all orders of Irishmen that Liberalism is synonymous with earnest zeal for the advancement of the nation. Henceforward let the Liberal party of England trust less than they have done to the Irish priesthood and more to the rising Irish middle classes, and to such of the aristocracy as are really their allies. Let the Liberal Government that shall succeed that of Lord Derby pay a due regard to developing the material resources of Ireland, and eschew the false and absurd notion that her requirements are simply political. At the same time, let due attention be given to the promotion of educa-

tion throughout the country, and especially to bringing the only Irish University in a true sense into harmony with the wants and feelings of the nation. Indeed, such a reform of Trinity College as would make it a truly Irish institution should be a paramount object with any Liberal Ministry; and we have no doubt that if this were thoroughly carried out it would make such a Ministry eminently popular. Finally, let Liberalism find and make use of good instruments at the Castle—men who are not identified with an effete policy, nor blindly jealous of the Irish nobility and gentry, nor harsh and arrogant in their demeanour, nor wedded to a system of narrow favouritism. If such a line of conduct as this shall be followed, we have little doubt that Liberalism will ere long be triumphant in Ireland, and that Derbyism, which just now appears in the ascendant, will be driven back again to its natural haunts among the abodes of Orangeism and sectarian bigotry.

## THE BATTLES OF MONTEBELLO AND PALESTRO.

THOUGH battles have been fought, the real campaign can scarcely be said to have begun. The two great armies are feeling their strength; each is endeavouring to ascertain the position of the other, and how the troops are distributed along the line. No doubt the Austrians, not the allies, expect an attack, and are naturally anxious to know accurately where it will fall.

On Thursday, the 19th of May, the allies occupied a line from Verelli, on the Sesia, to Voghera, a town five miles south of the Po, and on the great road—the old Via Emilia—to Piacenza. This line forms an arc passing through Casale, Valenza, Alessandria, Tortona, and terminating as we have described. This arc, measuring 53 miles, is protected by the Sesia and the Po, except in front of Voghera, which is open to an attack from the east by troops from Stradella or Piacenza, and to an attack from the north-east by troops from Pavia, by the bridges across the Ticino and the Po, as well as by the Stella bridge at Vacarizza, just after these two rivers unite. In all of these places the Austrians were known to have a large force. Voghera was the head quarters of Baraguay d'Hilliers, and one of his divisions, under General Forey, who lay to the eastward, had his advanced posts about six miles from head-quarters, in Casteggio. At the time in question the Austrians had only just retired from it.

On the other hand, the Austrians occupied a line from Novara to Stradella. Circumstances seem to show that they had very few troops between Mortara and the Lago Maggiore. Their advanced posts were opposite Verelli; they had a considerable mass of troops at Mortara, and the head-quarters of General Gyulai were at Garlasco, on the road between the former town and Pavia. This line from Mortara to Stradella measures about fifty miles. Probably we shall not be far from the truth in saying that the Austrian army amounted to 180,000 and the allies to 200,000, but the cavalry and artillery of the latter were still deficient.

So stood the two armies on Thursday, the 19th. But next morning, about eleven o'clock, a powerful body of Austrians were observed by the outposts of General Forey's division making for Casteggio. It turns out now that Count Stadion, with a *corps d'armée* of 25,000 men, had crossed the Po at Vacarizza, close to Pavia, with the intention of ascertaining the strength of the French in that quarter. According to Count Gyulai's despatch, the force was to advance in four columns—the right, consisting of a brigade under the Prince von Hesse, by Ferrua on Branzuzzo, three miles north of the Alessandria and Stradella Railway, and two miles west of Cavatisma; the right centre, under Bils, on Cavatisma itself, two miles directly north of Casteggio; the left centre, under Major-General Gaal, on Robecco, one mile east of Cavatisma; the left, under Lieutenant-Field-Marshal Urban, on Casteggio, by the high road from Stradella. The reserve and artillery train were in the rear. No less than two Field-Marshal's were engaged in this expedition—Count Stadion and Field-Marshal Urban. The orders were, that as soon as the columns had reached the places specified, Field-Marshal Urban should attack and carry Casteggio and Montebello, in order to make the enemy display his strength. On they came southward toward Casteggio, and at once took the town, the streets of which, according to some accounts, the citizens had barricaded. Urban then pushed on, and—withstanding the gallant resistance of 800 or 900 Piedmontese cavalry under General de Sonnaz, who behaved admirably—his troops occupied the village of Montebello, and began to entrench themselves. This village is close to the great road, and just on the first slopes of the Apennines which fill up the country between that road and the Gulf of Genoa. Here, indeed, according to the original intention, Urban ought to have stopped. But, carried away by the spirit of success, and possibly thinking to annihilate the advanced guard of a French *corps d'armée*, he assaulted the village of Ginstrello, still westward of Montebello, and carried it. In fact, the intended reconnaissance was turned into a regular battle, and the action is so considered in the Austrian General's dispatch to the Emperor. In the meantime General Forey had been warned of the danger. The intelligence reached him about half-past twelve, and he immediately hastened up with two battalions of the 74th to support the two battalions of the 84th, and some artillery. Having arrived at a bridge thrown across the brook Fossagazzo, he planted his guns in the road, and supported them right and left by the two battalions of the 84th, the sharpshooters of

which lined the bank. Presently the French General observed the Austrian skirmishers open fire, supported by the Austrian columns, which were issuing from Ginestrello.

Now, it seems that two roads traversed the position, along both of which the enemy could direct an attack; and in Piedmont roads are of great value, because there the land on either side of the *chaussée* is so cut up that it is almost impossible for artillery to move upon it. The two roads in question were the railway and the old post road. Along both the Austrians were advancing; so that the French were in danger of being attacked both in front and flank. Perceiving his danger, General Forey ordered one battalion of the 74th to place itself on the railway road, whilst the other battalion of the 74th was to advance behind the 84th. The right indeed advanced, but the left, on the railway, being vigorously attacked by a strong column, maintained its ground with difficulty. Here it was that Colonel Cambriels and the Sardinian cavalry under De Sonnaz, displayed so much chivalrous courage and made so many desperate charges. But aid was at hand. General Blanchard soon came up with the 98th and a battalion of the 91st, and took post beside the single battalion which defended the railway at Cascina Nuova. Having thus strengthened his left, Forey threw forward his right, and after an obstinate struggle carried Ginestrello. But Montebello was still in the enemy's hands. Placing, therefore, his artillery on the road, and protecting it by his cavalry, he advanced his troops *en échelon*, along the rising ground to the right of the road, until he reached the southern side of Montebello. Attacked in front by the new rifled artillery, which are said to have dealt terrible destruction, and assailed in flank by the troops who poured into the streets of the village, the Austrians at length withdrew, but not without a severe struggle. They had entrenched themselves in a cemetery, and the Tyrolese sharpshooters made it difficult to dislodge them, for more than once the French swarmed up to the wall, but were repulsed. Here it was General Beuret fell, and here it was that General Forey himself was wounded. It was now half-past six; the struggle had been most severe; and the French General, with a complacent dignity admirably characteristic, declares that he deemed it prudent not to push the success further. However, the Austrians retired to Casteggio, and soon evacuated the place. In fact, the French admit a loss of 600 or 700 men; the Austrians admit a loss of 204 men killed, 718 wounded, and 283 missing. But it should be observed, that of the 650 wounded private soldiers, 367 are described as *dangerously* wounded.

Such was the battle of Montebello, which the French delight to think has been fought nearly on the same ground as that famous one which gave a title to the illustrious Lannes. But what is still more pleasing to the national vanity, the numbers of French troops in the Montebello of 1859 are said to have borne even a larger disproportion to the Austrians than in the Montebello of 1800. With respect to the Austrians, official accounts state that 25,000 men crossed the Po, and marched to Casteggio; and we know from Count Gyulai's despatch that not fewer than twelve battalions were engaged in the struggle at Montebello and Ginestrello alone. With respect to the French, the Austrians declare that they were opposed by 40,000 men. From the French General's report it appears that he certainly had six battalions and one regiment, together with some Sardinian horse, so that we shall not be far from the truth if we consider that he admits himself to have had not fewer than 9000 men.

But what was the object of the attack? According to Stadion and Gyulai, they did what they wanted. If they merely sought to ascertain whether the French were in force in the neighbourhood of Casteggio, they must have perfectly satisfied themselves on that point; and must have ascertained that French and Sardinians are no holiday soldiers; but if they wanted to seize Casteggio, as the place where the road from Pavia unites with the road to Piacenza, or if they wanted to overwhelm a French *corps d'armée* before it could be reinforced, then they failed. It is almost impossible in these cases to determine precisely the numbers engaged on either side in a great battle. In this case it is especially difficult, because it seems that, in consequence of the railway passing through the allied position, the French Marshal was able to send up reinforcements at a rate quite unprecedented in war. Nor is it an unjust criticism on the Austrian staff to say that they ought to have anticipated this contingency, and avoided the mistake of turning a reconnaissance into a regular battle.

After the battle of Montebello the French occupied Casteggio. But important events were at hand. Garibaldi, the famous soldier-sailor, crossed the Ticino at Sesto Calende with a body of volunteers—some say 4000, others 10,000—and without artillery or cavalry penetrated to Como by Varese, revolutionizing the country as he went and overthrowing the Austrians sent against him. According to official accounts, however, General d'Urban has driven him back into the mountains, and restored the Austrian authorities in the revolted towns; but the last accounts describe Garibaldi as again in possession of Varese. Nevertheless it is clear that the Italians in this lake district are ripe for revolt, and if the Allies succeed in crossing the Ticino they will probably join the advancing army.

Whilst Garibaldi was operating this diversion on the flank and rear of the Austrians, a plan of attack was organized against

Count Gyulai's right wing, which has been executed by Victor Emmanuel in person with brilliant success. At the head of the fourth division, the King crossed the Sesia, attacked the Austrians, and drove them out of the villages of Casolino, Vinzaglia, Palestro, and Confienza, where they had entrenched themselves. These villages occupy the angle formed by the two roads—the one running north-east between Vercelli and Novara; the other running south-east between Vercelli and Mortara. This movement of the King placed him within seven or eight miles of the road which uniting Novara and Mortara, runs parallel to the Ticino, at a distance of less than two hours march westward of that river. Thus, the position of the King was such that he might attack, without a moment's warning, the extreme right of the Austrian line at Novara before it could be reinforced, or the allied army suddenly concentrating at Palestro—and it was known that a great mass of the troops south of the Po had been withdrawn—might fall upon the Austrians at Mortara, cut the line in half, and drive them headlong into the Ticino. In short, having regard to the power of concentration possessed by the Allies, the line from Novara to Stradella was too extensive. But there was one chance for the Austrians. It might be possible to annihilate the Sardinian division at Palestro before it had time to strengthen its position. On Tuesday morning, therefore, the day after the King had driven the Austrians out of the villages, a vigorous attack was made upon the Sardinians. But the Austrians were repulsed. On the same evening the attack was renewed, with a similar result. According to the French accounts, the Austrians had at one time outflanked the right of the King, in the hopes of preventing Marshal Canrobert from crossing the Sesia to his aid. But a regiment of Zouaves boldly crossed a canal in the face of a battery, captured the guns, and drove the enemy into the canal. There seemed to be some doubt whether the French and Sardinians at Montebello did not win the day by mere numbers, though, indeed, the testimony of the *Times* correspondent is entirely in favour of the allies. But in the contest at Palestro, the determined courage of Victor Emmanuel and his Italians is placed beyond a doubt. It is impossible to believe that the Austrian staff—the best in Europe—would have made these repeated attacks unless, in their judgment, success was not only possible but highly probable. Nevertheless, all their attacks failed, and the Allies maintained their position. The Austrians recognised the danger of their position. Accordingly they have withdrawn from Novara on their extreme right, thus contracting their line; and General Niel has entered that city. This gives the Allies the command of all the roads north of Novara; and their line now extends in an arc from Novara, by the Sesia, to Casale, and Tortona to Genoa. On the other hand, the Austrian line extends from Mortara, through Garlasco and Pavia, to Stradella—though they have outposts as far as Casteggio on the south of the Po. As to the mode in which they occupy the bridges across the Ticino, we have no account—nor is it likely the public should have any. The question, however, now is—whether the Austrians will maintain themselves at Mortara, or withdraw across the Ticino, defend the passage of that river, and, if they are unsuccessful in that, retire upon some field of battle already prepared, and strike a great blow for the Lombard kingdom?

#### ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MARGARET STREET.

THE ceremony of consecration has within the last few days dedicated to the service of the Church of England the most ornate and most sumptuous building that has been raised for its parochial use in this country since the Reformation. The completion of All Saints' church in Margaret-street marks an epoch, and deserves a special notice in an artistic point of view, as the most striking material expression that has yet been seen of the latest Renaissance of Christian art among us. The evidences, indeed, of an extraordinarily improved taste may be observed on all sides; but nowhere can we find a better example of what has been already effected in the revival of religious architecture and its subsidiary decorative arts than in the new church by Mr. Butterfield, which we now proceed to describe.

On the north side of the eastern end of Margaret-street, hemmed in by incongruous houses, a small court-yard, flanked by a lofty ecclesiastical-looking dwellinghouse on each side, and separated from the street by a heavy open arcade of iron work on a brick basement with a central portal, has its further side occupied by the porch and south aisle and towering clerestory of the new church. The area, which is narrow in its frontage, expands behind, and allows the church to reach the internal dimensions of 110 feet in extreme length, and 64 feet in breadth. The ground plan consists of a broad nave and aisles, of three bays, the westernmost bay of the south aisle being the base of the tower, and forming a baptistery within; while eastward there is a chancel of two bays, with two aisles to its westernmost half. The inconvenient site has been made to admit a church of the "straitest" form and type. Ten years ago, when this building was begun, our architects had not ventured upon the license of adapting their ground plans, under certain limits, to their sites. Here, accordingly, the normal shape of an English parish church is reproduced, though at the sacrifice of any window at all at the east end, and of any lights at the lower levels of the north walls. It is, perhaps, to be regretted in a building of these



pretensions that it was not thought necessary either to enlarge the ground so as to allow the most perfect exhibition of the type of church that was chosen, or to meet the peculiarities of the site by some modification of the plan. The latter course would, doubtless, have been pursued at this day. As it is, it is rather vexatious to see so much space wasted in the court-yard, while the church itself, from its limited dimensions, will never hold more than six or seven hundred people.

Confining ourselves, in the first instance, to the exterior, we may assign to the originators and the designer of this church the merit of having made the first attempt to reproduce among us a true and genuine style of brick construction. This fact is in some measure obscured by the unusual length of time that has elapsed between the foundation and the consecration of this building. Other architects in London and elsewhere have followed this excellent example; and other red-brick churches, banded and patterned in colours, and brick unbattered campaniles, with spires hitherto unfamiliar to English eyes, have secured, from their earlier completion, more than their due share of public criticism and approbation. We cannot do full justice to Mr. Butterfield's boldness and originality unless we go back ten or twelve years in the history of the architectural revival. It was not so easy a thing in 1848 as it is now to conceive of a red-brick church of vast height and costly ornamentation, and the highest architectural dignity. Those were the days of timid copyism of ancient precedents. For the most part, design was little better than the compilation and recomposition of the *disjecta membra* of mediæval buildings. No one remembered the noble brick architecture of Flanders or Lombardy, and in default of the costly and almost unattainable hewn stone from Caen or Portland, churches were built of the rudest Kentish rag, laid in random courses, and pointed, probably, with black mortar. Stone vaulting was never thought of, and, in spite of having no thrust to meet, a church wall twenty feet high was supposed to need strong buttresses at short regular intervals to make it stand. It was in All Saints' church that the first step forward was made in that bolder style of design which has opened so hopeful a future for English architecture. It may be doubted whether the chief excellences of this design, however often imitated, have been yet equalled or approached. Where, we ask, is there a loftier or more noble modern vault in stone than that of the chancel in this building? And the polychromatic brick construction first appreciated by Mr. Butterfield's genius has been copied even in its faults by his followers, rather than developed into greater perfection. Here, too, was the first extensive use made of our English marbles in internal decoration. Nor, again, has the combination of the highest pictorial art with the architectural construction, which is the chief glory of All Saints' church, been anywhere else even attempted.

There seems to us to be no fault that can be laid hold of in the exterior of the church itself. The mouldings are vigorous and fine, the tracery is firm and bold, the bandings of colour are without feebleness or exaggeration. We except a most unworthy bas-relief of the Annunciation on the side of the principal buttress facing the entrance to the courtyard. This is the only piece of sculpture in the church, and must have been executed by a most unqualified hand. But the tower, lifting its massive unbattered bulk to its enormous height, and its masterly belfry stage, form as fine a work in conception as it is successful in execution. Again, its lofty broached spire, upwards of 220 feet high, covered with slates and banded with metal, and only redeemed from the most severe austerity of outline by a coronal of projecting spirals near the top, is a most novel and felicitous design. Of the two clergy-houses, which form an important part of the exterior view, we can say, however, but little in praise. There are meritorious points, indeed, in subordinate parts of their treatment; but their few and small windows are a fatal defect. Air and light are, above all things, essential in a town; and it is prodigiously absurd to make a dwelling-house gloomier and more forbidding than a dungeon. Such Domestic Gothic as this is enough to justify any prejudice against the style for secular purposes. In the interior iron girders of incredible coarseness, and iron railings to the steep winding stairs of no style at all, are deserving of the most unqualified condemnation.

It is a relief to go inside the church, where at any rate none of these faults are to be discovered. Drawbacks there are even here; but, upon the whole, a more noble and lofty and spacious interior (we speak, of course, relatively), a more costly and beautiful shrine, a more rich and glowing *coup d'œil* of colour, we have not seen among modern works. The dignity of the proportions disguises the real smallness of the area. The height (about 70 feet to the ridge) is very unusual, and the lofty clerestory, and the elaborate timber roof which spans it, soar nobly over the broad nave. The chancel, with its groined roof only a little lower than that of the nave, is seen through a very wide and unobstructive chancel-arch, of which the shafts are corbelled off in order to make the opening wider. The whole area is excellently suited for purposes of worship. The marble shafts which support the arcade are no impediments to sight or sound. The floor is wholly free and unencumbered, nothing but moveable chairs being used. Æsthetically, this is a point of great importance, as all will admit who have admired the architectural effect of the unpewed interiors of foreign

churches. A low alabaster wall, relieved with marbles, separates the nave from the chancel. Within the latter two rows of low stalls on each side are kept purposely low so as not to interfere with the full effect of the east end. A powerful organ (surely too powerful for the space) is divided into two halves, each occupying one of the chancel aisles, and connected by trackers under the floor. Elaborate metal screens divide the chancel from its aisles; and the font and pulpit are richly jewelled with variegated marbles.

So much for the fittings. But the speciality of the interior is its colour; and that we must notice in connexion with the leading architectural features, for nearly all the polychrome is constructional. For instance, the principal piers are clusters of shafts of polished red granite from Peterhead; and Derbyshire has sent its alabaster, Cornwall its serpentine, and Devonshire its most beautiful marbles for other parts of the ornamental construction. In fact, plain plastered wall, which we think good enough for our churches, but never for our houses, is no where to be seen, except in certain panels which still await a richer decoration in fresco or mosaic. The walling is either alabaster, as in the chancel, or coloured brick, in various patterns, as in the nave. Even ashlar, where it makes its appearance, is covered with floral or geometrical incised patterns filled in with coloured mastic. In some parts, as in the baptistery, this style of ornamentation is far from unsuccessful, in others, we could wish it away. There is ample light in the church, although the east wall and north aisle are windowless. The west end has a gigantic window, and the clerestory, both to nave and chancel, admits abundance of light on each side. The south aisle, too, and the baptistery, have windows. And all these lights are coloured; those in the clerestories with a kind of grisaille, by Messrs. O'Connor, and the rest with figures by M. Gerente, of Paris. Finally, the whole east end is covered with frescoes by Mr. Dyce, set, as it were, in an architectural framework of alabaster arcading. Gilding and inlaid coloured ornamentation on the chancel groining, stencilled ornaments on the timber roof of the nave, voussoirs of coloured glazed tiles to the arcades, and a rich floor in the nave of tile pavement, partly encaustic (for which, in our judgment, a marble tessellation, like the *opus Alexandrinum*, to which the chancel pavement somewhat approximates, would have been still more suitable), conclude our catalogue. The interior is, in fact, all colour—and most of the colour is indestructible. Fresco and mastic, polished marbles and alabaster, and the glazed tesserae of Staffordshire may be almost said to defy time.

But is, then, this gorgeous interior a complete success? We dare not affirm it. On the contrary, as critics, we are bound to say that we can discover no unity in this elaborate whole of coloration. This result is probably unavoidable. A work of art of this kind, if it is to be thoroughly homogeneous, must be the product of one mind throughout. But in this age we pique ourselves on the division of labour; and none of our artists have as yet shown that they can excel in more than one department of their profession. There were giants of old, who could build, and paint, and carve stone, and chase the precious metals, with equal facility. But now the architect and painter and glass-stainer have each their own craft and mystery. In the interior of this church we confess that we cannot sympathize with the eminent architect's own principle of coloration. The crudeness of the juxtapositions of colours, as in the voussoirs of the arches, and the stiffness and disproportion, not to say grotesqueness, of form in the ornamental scrolls and foliage and patterns, are positively distressing to the eye. Some of the diapering, as in the spandrels of the arches, and in the large wall-surface above the chancel-arch, is like a fortuitous jumble of coloured patches. There is no prevailing harmony of tone, and we desiderate for the sake of repose even that formal and orderly disposition of colours, however inharmonious in themselves, that is produced by the kaleidoscope. This fault is even exaggerated in the pulpit and the chancel-screen, in which the ornamentation—an inlaying of coloured marbles on a white ground—demanded extreme delicacy and refinement. Instead of this we find nothing but a perversely ingenious confusion of coarse contrasts. A greater waste of thought, and labour, and precious materials we have never seen. So, too, the clerestory windows—a cold grisaille ground spotted with blotches of staring colours—are simply barbaric. It resembles the colouring of a man incapable physically of viewing his work as a whole, or otherwise than in isolated fragments. To all this M. Gerente's stained glass windows are in violent contrast. That artist, who fails egregiously (we think) in the matter of design, is an admirable colourist, though almost too brilliant and voluptuous. No excuse can be made for the sham antique drawing of his figures, or for their repulsive ugliness; but, as a matter of mere colour, the glow and harmony of these windows are charming. Not that we think this sensuous coloration altogether in keeping with the stern and masculine simplicity of the architectural forms of the building. This discrepancy was due originally, we have understood, to the too faithful reproduction by the artist of a famous ancient window unadvisedly proposed to him for imitation. The task imposed upon Mr. Dyce of suiting his paintings on the east wall to these inharmonious systems of colouring was one of special difficulty. But he has shown himself fully equal to it. We know of no modern frescoes which surpass his works here in nobleness and purity. The *ordonnance* of the design is as

follows:—There are two horizontal rows of arched panels above the altar, comprising seven niches in each, the middle one in each row being twice as wide as the others. In the lowest middle panel the subject is the Virgin and Child, with three angels in adoration; above it is the Crucifixion, with St. Mary and St. John on either side; the twelve remaining niches being filled with stately figures of the Apostles. High over all, in the vaulting-arch, is what is technically called a Majesty—our Lord seated in glory, and surrounded by a hierarchy of saints. This, the earliest finished of the series, is more austere than the Nativity below, than which the artist has never painted a more lovely and tenderly-imagined group. These frescoes are of the highest order of merit, and invest this church with a special and as yet unique artistic interest.

These beautiful paintings are somewhat injured by the glare from the clerestory windows; and even the judicious partial gilding of the architectural framework does not quite refine sufficiently the somewhat coarse forms of its mouldings and foliage. Happily the decoration of the groined roof and of the adjacent walls of the sanctuary has been entrusted to Mr. Dyce himself. Here the flowing ornaments and patterns are exquisitely graceful and harmonious. The *motif*, unless we mistake, has been borrowed from the fine painting of the roof of Santa Anastasia, at Verona. Nothing, we may add, is more curious than to observe the abrupt encroachment, one upon the other, of the two styles of decoration which come into such close contact in the chancel.

The importance of this coloured interior in the present state of religious art among us justifies our minute examination of its defects. But these, though it is a critic's duty to point them out, scarcely detract from the willing tribute of our admiration to the success as a whole of this fine work. We warmly congratulate the munificent founders of the church, and the several artists engaged in it, on the completion of their task. They themselves will be the first to wish that their work may soon be rivalled, and even surpassed; but they may be assured that All Saints' church will never lose its importance as a historical and artistic monument. It is no secret that Mr. Beresford Hope, himself one of the largest contributors to the funds, has been, throughout, by the unanimous wish of his co-founders, the informing spirit of the whole undertaking. Their responsibility could not have been delegated to better hands. In a work of this kind, the merit of success is almost equally divided between those who prompt, and suggest, and originate the several ideas, and the artists who carry them out.

#### THE SION COLLEGE REPORT ON THE CITY CHURCHES.

THE advantage of allowing the persons most interested in a proposed change to consider the question by themselves, with a view to some timely and moderate compromise, has been very conspicuously shown in the able Report lately presented to the Fellows of Sion College by the Committee appointed to inquire into the further union of the City benefices, the redistribution of their parochial revenues, and the threatened demolition of their churches. Every one knows how great a sensation was caused a few years since by a hasty and violent proposal to amalgamate the small parishes of the City, to destroy one-half of its churches, to desecrate their sites and their churchyards, and to apply the funds raised by their sale to the increase of the diminished incomes of the clergy, and the supply of religious ordinances to neglected and overcrowded suburbs. It was urged by the reformers, though not without exaggeration, that the population had almost deserted the heart of London, that the churches were empty, and their endowments utterly wasted, while the neighbouring districts were suffering from an absolute want of the places and ministers of worship. Had it but been possible to transport St. Margaret Moses or St. Andrew Hubbard to Clerkenwell or Bethnal-green, it would have been done at once; though it was slyly hinted that some of the louder advocates of the scheme reckoned on being transplanted to Tyburnia, or at the worst to Cabbitopolis, rather than to Shoreditch or Wapping. But this sweeping proposal, though unadvisedly sanctioned by high authority, encountered a stout opposition. Strong grounds of objection were urged. It was abhorrent even from natural religion to secularize needlessly the sacred resting-places of the dead. The munificence of past generations in founding and endowing churches, even in advance of the population, was contrasted with the niggardliness of a far richer age, which could not provide for the religious wants of its people but by a measure of confiscation and desecration. Lastly, the threatened wanton destruction of the monuments of art and antiquity offended the sentiments and convictions of a large and important section of the community.

Happily, the scheme was arrested. Had it been at once successful, it would have been another of those bungling, because ill-considered, attempts at ecclesiastical reform of which we have seen so many of late years. But happily, again, the counter-movement was not conclusive. The question continued to be canvassed, and the element of truth in the idea secured its vitality. The present Bishop of London invited further consideration, and the Fellows of Sion College, who are (as many of our readers may know) the incumbents of the churches in the City of London and its immediate vicinity, appointed a Committee to inquire into the best method of remedying a state of things

which no one could unhesitatingly defend. To this Committee, which was fortunate in having for its chairman Mr. Scott, the late President of the College, a gentleman of great administrative ability, we owe a Report which is distinguished by so much good sense and moderation that it seems to us to deserve the support of all parties, as substantially conclusive of the whole question. Some of the details may hereafter be modified or amended, and another Committee, under the same chairman, is engaged in receiving suggestions for such amendments; but we shall be greatly surprised if the general features of the plan here proposed are not adopted as a satisfactory basis for the final settlement of the question. This is a matter which can only be disposed of by a compromise; and it will be anything but a proof of wisdom or good feeling if this opportunity for harmonious action is neglected. It may be interesting to state briefly the conclusions at which the Committee arrived, and to call attention to one or two points of much general interest which are incidentally touched upon in their Report.

After minute and patient inquiry into the facts of the case, it was found that the City parishes are labouring under three paramount evils—the unavoidable non-residence of the clergy, the small value of the greater part of the benefices, and the diminished population of many districts, together with the universal emigration of the wealthier householders. It appeared that the parsonage-houses are few and mostly unfit for residence; and that in many parishes neither house nor site can be purchased or rented, owing to the enhanced value of property for the purposes of commerce. The poverty of the benefices is more than ever felt since the discontinuance of pluralities and the diminution of fees by modern legislation. And unfortunately the "Fire Act," 22nd and 23rd Car. II. c. xv., which governs all the churches that were rebuilt after the great conflagration, adjudged a fixed annual sum in lieu of tithe, instead of a poundage on the rack-rent of the parish—such as had been authorized by the former law of 37th Hen. VIII. c. xii. In 1804 these stipends, which had already become inadequate, were augmented. We believe it was Bishop Horsley who deserves the credit of this measure. The Committee, having in view the decreasing value of money, plead not unreasonably for the repetition of this act of grace; but, with still greater force, they urge that there is, as they afterwards proceed to show, ample Church property within the City itself for raising these small benefices to a competent value.

We now come to the practical recommendations of the Committee. They advise the further union of certain of the City parishes, but they well point out that there are many difficulties in these amalgamations which had wholly escaped the doctrinaire reformers. Most wisely they condemn wholly what they call Ecclesiastical Communism, by which all parishes would be reduced to a dead uniformity of income and population, the revenues being thrown into a common fund. They plead for the continuance of that variety which has worked sufficiently well in other parts of the parochial system; and the elaborate schedules which accompany the Report show that it is possible so to distribute the united parishes, with regard to population and income and the architectural importance of their churches, and above all the jealously guarded rights of the patrons, that no interests will be disregarded, and the opinions and sentiments of all classes will be duly respected.

But the public at large is more concerned in the question of the preservation of the City churches and churchyards than in the rearrangement of parochial districts. The Committee remind us that the same public opinion which now declares against unnecessary desecration secured the rebuilding, after the Great Fire, of fifty-one, instead of thirty-nine, of the eighty-six churches that were burnt. We must quote the continuation of their argument on this head:—

But there are higher issues at stake than the dislike, often a very creditable dislike, existing in the City itself against this wholesale destruction of City churches. . . . It has always been a peculiarity of English cities to crowd together a multitude of small parish churches; and, in this respect, London, York, Norwich, Exeter, and Lincoln have always exhibited a marked contrast to the great cities of the Continent, with their few and enormous churches. This peculiarity of the English parish churches represents the national regard of the English to local union, and their protest against centralization. The ecclesiastical aspect of the City of London, merely as a landscape, so picturesque and characteristic, and so familiar to Europe, is not to be lightly sacrificed; it is part of the national history and character with which it would be wrong to interfere. Our numerous City churches preach a sermon and bear a witness with which we can little dispense. And, above all, no church of any architectural beauty ought, under any alleged plea of convenience, or for merely pecuniary reasons, to be sacrificed. Very early, therefore, in their deliberations, the Committee felt that with religion alike and art, as well as the voice of right-minded opinion, pressing these strong claims to a cautious and careful dealing with this difficult subject, they were not prepared to say that more than twenty churches should be dissolved; and they have to recommend that, following the precedent of St. Martin's Organs, the steeples and spires should, in all cases, be left standing.

This is temperately and most forcibly urged. A large and interesting question is raised in the assertion that a fondness for small independent parishes is a distinguishing feature of the national temper. We believe the statement to be substantially true. Mediæval London must have exhibited the Cathedral surrounded by a vast number of small parochial churches, while the stately fanes of the monastic orders—the Black Friars, the White Friars, the Crutched Friars, the Augustinians—fringed the walls. These great churches have all disappeared, with the exception of a fragment of the last-named one; but the paro-



chial organization remained untouched in the crisis of the Reformation. The tendency in France—except, perhaps, in such Norman towns as Rouen, where the English type is predominant—was in the opposite direction. Paris to this day is served parochially by huge minsters, such as St. Eustache or the new church of Ste. Clotilde. But an Englishman has never felt “at home” ecclesiastically except in his own parish church. The old principle may be seen in present operation among ourselves in the multiplication of what are called “Peel Districts,” instead of the formation of larger centralized parishes, which many have thought would have been a more judicious method of Church extension. Witness also the enthusiasm which greeted Dr. Hook’s abandonment, for his successors, of the rights of the mother church of Leeds over the dependent chapels. It has been doubted by some observers whether, after all, this was the kind of reform that was needed in like cases. Be this as it may, the Committee are right in maintaining that the general character of the religious organization of the City is not to be rashly innovated upon. For our part, we value to the fullest extent the historical, poetical, and æsthetic interest that attaches to the multitudinous spires—poor as many of them are in respect of art—that cluster round the gigantic dome of the metropolitan cathedral. We rejoice, therefore, that these will be generally preserved even when the churches themselves are removed. It would be superstition to deny that a church may be justifiably removed for a great public convenience. Even in Italy, where many of the small towns are encumbered and disgraced by innumerable perishing chapels which it is thought less irreligious to neglect than to destroy, a church is sometimes removed bodily. Travellers will remember that a stone in the pavement of the great Place of St. Mark, in Venice, records where a church once stood. The Sion College Committee report that twenty churches may perhaps be pulled down without the sacrifice of any memorial of historical or artistic interest. But some of these, though not wanted for parochial purposes, are to be retained—it is advised—for the use of particular communities, such as the Welsh, or Irish, or French inhabitants of London. Others will be appropriated as the sites of new parsonage-houses, the churchyards being in all cases preserved, like those quiet oases in the City—useful morally as well as sanitarily—which mark the ground occupied by burial grounds and churches that were not rebuilt after the Great Fire. Some few will most likely be purchased by the City, under the Act 57 Geo. III. c. 29, for public convenience.

Into the details of the schedules for re-arranging the intramural and extramural parishes it is needless to enter. But there is one more point urged in the Report which seems to us of palmary importance. It appears that the Church property belonging formerly to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul’s, but now merged into a common fund by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, would suffice in the course of a few years, when some expiring leases have fallen in, for the relief of the spiritual destitution of the whole east of London. The Finsbury stall alone will be worth 64,000*l.* a year very shortly. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be induced to sanction the self-evident proposition that local claims should be first considered in the distribution of this large fund. The Report before us is but echoing the weighty words of the Bishop of Exeter’s Select Committee of the House of Lords, when it protests against the injustice of diverting the large ecclesiastical revenues belonging to London itself away from the local claims of the metropolis. It does not seem too much to hope that this very masterly document may have a powerful influence in persuading the Legislature to amend the practice of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in this respect. We take leave of the Report with the remark that it is seldom that a remedy so practicable and so satisfactory can be devised for so great an evil. It is almost more than can be believed, that a plan has been suggested which, without the sale of the consecrated sites or doing violence to any feelings deserving of respect, provides, by the judicious re-arrangement of boundaries and by the right appropriation of the actual and prospective ecclesiastical revenues of London itself, for such a parochial re-organization as shall afford to the whole of the metropolis north of the Thames the advantage of a resident clergy with at least a competent endowment for each benefice. That the recommendations of the Report will be stoutly contested is probably what its authors expected. Already the champions of the safe policy of doing nothing, headed by Dr. Croly, appeal in turgid language, and in the congenial columns of that very Churchlike repertory of Church feeling, the *Morning Advertiser*, against the scheme as going too far; while Mr. Hume’s plan is revived in another daily paper because the Sion College Report does not go far enough—a sufficient proof that the real middle path of timely wisdom and prudent reform has been at last attained.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

## IV.

IN historical paintings, in the strict sense of the term—that is to say, illustrations of events which have, or are said to have, really occurred—the Royal Academy Exhibition is this year rather deficient. Mr. MacIise’s one picture is, as we have already said, not of this kind; and Mr. Ward’s “Marie Antoinette” is of a humbler nature than most of his previous works have been.

There is, however, in the Miniature Room a “Fair Rosamond and Queen Eleanor” (901), by J. Archer; and in the West Room a “Milton visiting Galileo in Prison” (569), by E. Crowe, jun., which must, apparently, be put into this category, and which possess some merit. The former of these is unfortunately very much disfigured by the exaggeration of Queen Eleanor’s age and ugliness. This exaggeration was doubtless intentional, for the sake of giving point to Fair Rosamond’s beauty and youth; but it has, as often happens where such contrasts are intended, been pushed to an extreme. Queen Eleanor, instead of looking like a jealous rival, looks like a scolding grandmother. This throws a comic air over the scene, which, if the painting did not possess very sterling merit, would be fatal to it; but it may fairly be said that the figure of Fair Rosamond is so well executed, and her expression of terror so genuine, that the defect is in a great measure redeemed. There is, so far as we are aware, no historical obligation to represent Queen Eleanor as such a very grim old lady. Her hand had, it is true, been repudiated by Louis VII. of France before it was accepted by Henry II. of England, but there is no reason to doubt that the repudiation was caused by her bad character, and not her want of beauty; and it is to be feared that Henry could not plead so good an excuse for his infidelity as Mr. Archer has here assigned him.

Mr. E. Crowe, in his picture of “Milton and Galileo,” does not seem to have made a judicious choice of subject. The painting has undeniable merit as far as technical qualities are concerned. It is, perhaps, hard, but there is a general air of truthfulness and a certain vigour about it which at once attract the eye. Considered, however, as an historical illustration, it would certainly be difficult to imagine anything more utterly unsatisfactory. Galileo looks like a drunken man looked up for the night, and the persons who surround him look as if they were dreading some fresh outbreak. In Mr. Crowe’s other performance, “The Roundhead” (921), the subject is much more judiciously selected. The same head, it is true, which had done service as Galileo, serves again, in rather a younger form, for the Roundhead; but both the principal characters are painted with force and accuracy. The woman and child are rather weak, and there is a want of connexion between them and the rest of the composition. The position, moreover, in which the child is holding the mirror is not natural. It would naturally hold it in such a way as to see its own face in it; but a very slender knowledge of optics suffices to show that the image cannot be reflected both to the spectator in front of the picture, and to the eyes of the child at a right angle with that direction.

Mr. Frith this year sends only a portrait of Mr. Dickens, and has nothing in the style of the “Derby Day.” His success has, however, brought this kind of subject a good deal into vogue, and there are a number of paintings by different artists which seem to be inspired by his pencil. None of them, however, come quite up to his standard; and as it is a kind of art which is worthless and vulgar unless thoroughly well executed, it may be hoped that the infection will not spread. In Mr. Frith’s paintings there was, in addition to the highly-elaborated execution, some point and meaning in the subject. Life at the seaside and life on a race-course is marked by peculiar and well-defined characteristics. In such scenes as “Brighton and Back—*3s. 6d.*” (378), by C. Rossiter, there is nothing of this kind. A railway-carriage is simply an excuse for coupling together odd faces and dresses. “Dividend Day at the Bank” (519), by G. E. Hicks, is a step in advance; but it also is, both in subject and treatment, decidedly inferior to Mr. Frith’s productions. The kind of talent which is employed upon such painting as this would be much better occupied in domestic scenes like those which Mr. T. Faed paints. Art in which shawls, flounces, and oddities of expression are the most conspicuous points, is of a poor kind. There are, however, one or two paintings that might seem at the first glance to belong to this class, which should, in fact, be exempted. Mr. G. B. O’Neill’s “Statute Fair” (491) is an instance. This belongs more properly to such subjects as Wilkie loved than to those which Mr. Frith’s imitators affect. It bears the evidence, moreover, of study and thought, such as Wilkie used to bestow upon his compositions, is full of life, and thoroughly well executed, and should certainly have been hung in a better place.

Among scenes of domestic life, Mr. T. Faed’s “Sunday in the Backwoods” (310) and “My ain Fireside” (595) appear to be the best. They are not distinguished by any great nicety of execution, but are spirited and in good taste. In the former, the belle of the family is perhaps in the least degree too prominent, and thus slightly interferes with the composition; but her head in itself is natural and good. “The Draught-players” (209), by J. Clark, is a small picture painted with the most perfect delicacy and accuracy. The boy thinking over his move, the face and figure of the old man, and the child at his knee playing with his watch, are excellent, and are perhaps the best thing of this kind in the Exhibition. Nos. 143 and 664, by A. Provis, are upon a still smaller scale, but well deserve inspection. They are not quite so accurately painted as Mr. Clark’s “Draught-players,” but are very good. The latter of these, described as “Wait awhile,” represents a cat watching a woman who is busy paring potatoes. Whether a cat would not know its own tastes too well to want a piece of raw potato is rather doubtful; but it is certainly a very pretty little picture. These seem to us to be the best paintings of this class, but there are many others which

exhibit considerable merit. In "Doing Crochet-work" (163), by E. Davis, the important air of the little girl who is teaching, and the attentive expression of her pupil, are very well given, but the colour is somewhat heavy and unpleasing. In "St. Valentine's Day" (644), by Miss B. A. Farwell, the countenances of the woman and of the little boy are very natural and happy, and the picture tells its own story very cleverly; but the execution is not quite up to the mark, the touches rather wanting vigour and decision. Besides strictly domestic subjects like these, there are several out-of-doors scenes of a like nature. There is Mr. Redgrave's "First lesson on infant treatment" (283), and there is Mr. Dyce's "Contentment" (437), each painted with so much care and neatness that it would be difficult to say whether either of them excels the other. There is a slight singularity about Mr. Redgrave's flesh tints, but as the faces, both in this and in "The Emigrant's last sight of Home" (218), are in the shade, it is rather difficult to form an opinion as to their correctness. The old sailor and his boat in Mr. Dyce's picture are executed with a precision of touch which can perhaps only be paralleled in the works of Mr. J. F. Lewis, but the landscape is not painted with quite such care as is displayed in Mr. Lewis's "Waiting for the Ferry Boat" (135), and the mountains in the background catch the eye by their singularity. It is, in fact, extremely difficult to avoid the common hackneyed kind of mountain with which a landscape is generally filled up, without adopting some such unusual shape, but Mr. Dyce seems to have slightly overshot the mark, for his mountains look unnatural rather than unusual. Such a defect as this in an accessory, however, is obviously a mere trifle, and when the eye has once rested upon this little picture, it must be captivated by its perfect simplicity and fidelity to nature. It is as excellent, though in a different way, as "The Good Shepherd" (174), and, like all thoroughly good painting, it bears equally the test of a near and a distant view. In "A Huff" (63), by J. Phillip, the tearful eyes and air of pique of the offended lady, are given very successfully; but her dress is rather too conspicuous. It is so extraordinarily well done that it is hardly possible to look at anything else in the picture. Mr. J. Campbell's "Village Clockmaker" (14) is a clever little painting. He has, if we mistake not, a shoemaker in the Exhibition of British Artists very like this, but upon a rather larger scale.

Before proceeding to the portraits, it will be well to call attention to Mr. F. Leighton's three heads, numbered 32, 118, and 281. Not only is the painting of these very good, but they are noticeable as a really faithful reproduction of the true Italian type of head. The clear sallow complexion, joined to the blackness about the eye which is seen in many really beautiful Italian women, is so alien to an Englishman's notion of beauty, that it is rarely or never fairly represented. These three studies of Mr. Leighton's may therefore at first be passed over as simply singular, but they are, in fact, remarkable for their unusual fidelity. Not only are the peculiar complexion and eye as well as the hair thoroughly Italian, but there is something in the setting on of the head—slightly more angular and masculine than is common in English women—which could only have been caught by a very accurate observer of forms. This is, perhaps, best seen in the small and graceful head numbered 118. Among portraits "J. R. Lane, Esq." (87), by J. P. Knight, occupies so conspicuous a position that it can hardly be passed over; and, once seen, it must command admiration by its force and truthfulness. All Mr. Knight's portraits are very good, but there is, so far as we have observed, one slight defect in them all. The white speck of light which appears on the pupil of the eye is too hard, sharp, and well-defined. It looks, in consequence, like a lump of paint, as it is, instead of a reflection of light, as it ought to do. Up to a certain point, an exaggeration of this speck of light confers a lustre upon the eye; but if this lustre is fictitious, it only detracts from the likeness, and the eye loses in softness what it gains in brightness. The spot of light should, in fact, never be quite sharply defined, and is rarely or never a mere round spot, such as Mr. Knight paints it. This is, indeed, a trifling matter; but it is in trifling matters that bad habits are most often formed; and where there is a wrong and a right, it is better to choose the latter. Mr. Boxall's companion portrait of F. Huth, Esq., is a very fine painting—more refined, and rather less forcible than Mr. Knight's. There are many other portraits of different degrees of excellence, upon which we need not dwell. Mr. Phillips has three—one of them of the Dean of St. Paul's; and Sir W. Gordon has several, all displaying much character. Mr. Richmond's bear the impress of taste and cultivation, though rather dusky and unsatisfactory in hue. Mr. Grant seems to have neither risen above nor fallen short of his usual standard. Mr. D. Macnee's portrait of Mr. C. Stanfield, painted for the Portrait Gallery of the Scotch Royal Academy, is very easy and unaffected.

In the miniature room, Sir W. Ross is still an exhibitor; and among the newer names, Mr. Wells and Mr. Moira seem to have rather the advantage. Mr. Wells is apt to crowd his backgrounds, and is at times a little too ambitious in his colouring; but in his happier efforts, such as "Miss Mordan" (775), it would be very difficult to surpass him. Mr. Moira is distinguished by the freshness of his colouring and a greater simplicity of style than that generally adopted by Mr. Wells. There are many other miniature painters,

not a few of them female artists, whose works might well deserve notice. We must, however, pass them over, for it is difficult to criticise briefly so numerous and so equal a collection. To the "Portrait in Pastel" (881), by L. Gratia, it would be superfluous to call attention if it were not hung so high. Whether it would well stand the test of a closer inspection is, perhaps, doubtful, for it appears to be somewhat coarse and eccentric in execution; but it is beyond question an extraordinarily vigorous and lifelike performance.

Among representations of brute life, "Doubtful Crumbs" (138) seems to be most worthy of Sir E. Landseer's fame. It is full of that feeling of humour with which he appears always to regard canine life. "A Kind Star" (426) is, it must be admitted, mysterious, if not grotesque. An angelic apparition comforting a dying hind seems to be rather an extravagant conception. There is, however, an impression among Highlanders that the hinds are the objects of superhuman favour and protection, and the picture was probably suggested by Sir E. Landseer's familiarity with this superstition. The attitude of the dying hind, with her head thrown back, is, we believe, quite true to nature. Mr. A. Cooper has a most spirited dog's head, "Merry, the property of Mrs. Palmer" (635), and "Highland Sport" (327), by G. Horlor, is a very well drawn group.

The great improvement which Mr. Foley has effected in the Sculpture Room will strike every one who enters, and nothing can be better and more skilful than the present arrangement. Mr. Foley himself exhibits only two works—a bust of Egeria (1344) and a group of three mourning figures (1298), both of which are exceedingly classical and graceful. Baron Marochetti has three likenesses, one of them being a very clever bronze statuette of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. Mr. Redfern, who exhibits a "Cain and Abel" (1265), is we believe a very young, and in some measure self-taught, artist. His figures, though the subject is certainly a difficult one for a beginner, are full of animation, and their attitudes natural. In the Cain, the trunk of the body appears to be rather too massive for the head and limbs, but the proportions of Abel are more just, and his pleading gestures are expressive without being theatrical, the lines harmonizing well with those of Cain's figure.

## REVIEWS.

M. SIMON ON LIBERTY.\*

NO spectacle can be more melancholy than that which is afforded by the great writers whose existence is a protest—too often a silent and an ineffectual protest—against the degradation of France. There is no class of men in the world towards whom it is a more imperative duty to express that sympathy which is universally excited in this country by the misfortunes to which they are exposed, and by the dignity with which those misfortunes are borne. It is impossible not to feel that, with all its brilliancy, the French character has many serious defects, but it is equally impossible to doubt that it possesses some virtues in a degree which it would be almost impossible to match in any other country. A Frenchman who possesses high abilities and a finished education, has not only a higher, but a truer, sense of personal dignity and honour than men of the same character in almost any other nation. He will bear any amount of poverty and privation without a murmur, and with a degree of cheerfulness and good humour which very few Englishmen would show under similar circumstances. If the French, as a nation, are less skilful and less persevering than ourselves in pursuing what we are (not unjustly) accustomed to look upon as solid advantages, it should also be remembered that the best of them are less accustomed than we are to allow themselves to be influenced in their behaviour, and especially in their appreciation of individual character, by the circumstances in which men are placed. That intense admiration for success (all but universal in this country) which a favourable criticism may perhaps interpret into admiration for strength of character, is greatly modified in France by the admiration given to virtues of a more amiable kind. The steady refusal of every living Frenchman of genius and learning to participate in the crimes or to countenance the success of the present ruler of France, is one of the most honourable circumstances in French contemporary history. The great men who refuse to serve his gods, or to worship the despotism which he has set up, make sacrifices for the benefit of France and Europe of which it is impossible to estimate the importance, though it is unfortunately too easy in many cases to form a conception of their extent. M. Simon holds a very distinguished place amongst the writers to whom we have alluded, and the tone and contents of his book bear strong marks of the circumstances under which it has been composed. It is written throughout in a lofty and manly spirit. The author obviously feels that he forms part of a small minority, and he neither expects nor wishes to conciliate the majority by the expression of his opinions. His whole view of politics is high and pure—enthusiastically and romantically high in our opinion—but such feelings are not so common in modern French politics as to incline us to view them with severity.

\* *La Liberté*. Par Jules Simon. Paris, 1859.



The book is in every respect a noble one, and leaves on the reader the strongest possible impression in favour of the author's honour, magnanimity, and ability. We think it right to express our admiration for the general character of M. Simon's work in the strongest possible manner, because most of our remarks must be directed to points on which we differ not only from him, but from the whole school of politicians to which he belongs; and it would be to us matter of sincere regret if we appeared to fail in the recognition which every one owes—and no one more than those who use and enjoy freedom themselves—to disinterested integrity, and to that kind and degree of courage which yields to no temptations, and is kept alive neither by the excitement of tangible danger nor by the applause and sympathy of spectators.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance that the abstract theory of Liberty should have attracted so much attention of late. Mr. Mill's essay and M. Simon's two thick volumes are both devoted to the same subject; and nothing can be more characteristic of the different habits of mind of their respective nations than the way in which they handle it. Mr. Mill confines himself to discussing the advantages which arise from not interfering with people's conduct and convictions. He describes the importance of variety and originality of character, considered as elements of human happiness. He points out the great and most important principle, that the utmost freedom of discussion is an advantage to all true opinions, because it allows their truth to be established on the strongest of all foundations, and forces those who believe them to understand accurately what those foundations are, and how they are related to each other and to the objections which can be urged against them. For these and similar reasons he concludes in favour of the advantages of liberty, pointing out several modes of thought and feeling common amongst us which he considers inimical to its interests. He expressly disclaims any foundation for his opinions except those which experience supplies. Faithful to the teaching of the school to which he belongs, he expresses his entire disbelief in the existence of any system whatever of abstract rights. M. Simon's method is precisely the reverse of this. Abstract rights hold by far the most important place in his estimation; and though his book contains a very great number of interesting statements upon matters of fact—statements which to us at least are by far the most interesting and important part of it—they are merely used as illustrations of the theory which underlies the whole structure of the work, and gives unity to its different members.

The scheme of the work is somewhat as follows:—First of all, man is, in the metaphysical sense of the word, a free agent. God (of whose existence and attributes he has an innate knowledge—such we understand to be M. Simon's opinion) has given to man an immutable moral law, by which he, being free, is to regulate his actions. This moral law confers, like other laws, certain rights, which are the natural and imprescriptible rights of man; and all this a matter of which we are apprised by our own consciousness. Human laws can never contravene these rights; and though in fact they never do fully express them, they always tend, or ought to tend, in that direction, and are only legitimate in so far as they do so. The principal fundamental rights are, the right of liberty, which consists in doing whatever does not injure others—the right of property—the right of personal security (*sûreté*)—and the right of resistance to oppression. The declaration that these rights are fundamental and imprescriptible, made by the States General in 1789, forms, according to M. Simon, the title of that body to everlasting veneration; and the rights themselves, taken together, are the "Principles of 1789," of which we have all heard so much from such very different quarters.

These principles are repeatedly enunciated in different parts of M. Simon's book, and form the foundation of it. Starting from them, he goes through the whole framework of French society, comparing the actual state of things with that which ought to exist if the fundamental rights of man were fully recognised and embodied in law. Though we totally dissent from M. Simon's principles, their application is extremely interesting. The book (though we think it greatly inferior in power of thought) continually recalls M. de Tocqueville's *Ancien Régime*, as in every instance it not only criticizes the existing institutions of the country, but compares them with those which existed before the Revolution. For obvious reasons, M. Simon avoids the discussion of what we usually understand by political institutions. He says hardly anything of the constitution of representative assemblies, but confines himself almost entirely to such questions as the laws affecting family rights, private property, and the administrative machinery which plays so vast a part in French society. The clearness, the life, and the artistic skill with which the whole discussion is managed, and the judgment with which the subjects are chosen, are very characteristic of French composition. It may perhaps be an insular prejudice, but we cannot help feeling that, if our own thinkers are less elegant, they are far more powerful and also much more accurate.

In most of M. Simon's observations on the laws and practices which he specifies, we agree, if not entirely, at least to a very great extent; but the whole course of his speculations appears to us to be vitiated by the fact that they rest on an unsound foundation. We have frequently repudiated the common

notion that the French are a more logical people than ourselves, and we think that nothing shows its falsehood more clearly than such a book as M. Simon's. It proceeds throughout upon that assumption as to the nature and object of logic which Mr. Mill had the honour of refuting—the assumption that logic is the art of arguing from universals to particulars, not that of arguing from particulars to particulars. We may, perhaps, give additional clearness to our view of the subject by recalling some observations which are no doubt very familiar to many of our readers. It has been objected, and we think with conclusive force, to that view of the nature of logic to which we have adverted, that a syllogism can never prove anything new, because the major proposition presupposes the conclusion. We cannot know that all men are mortal until we know that every particular man is mortal; and therefore when we argue that A. B. must be mortal because he is a man, and all men are mortal, we are only classifying and arranging our knowledge, not increasing it. We are affirming that whatever reasons we may have for supposing that men in general are mortal apply to A. B.; but we do not assert that we have any independent certainty of the general proposition which would enable us, apart from all other considerations, to affirm it of the individual. The practical result of this view of the nature of logic is to refer all science to observation and experience; and the necessity of this becomes more and more apparent in exact proportion to the intricacy and difficulty of the subject-matter to which the principle may have to be applied. Almost all French speculation, so far as we are acquainted with it, proceeds upon the opposite principle. It constantly starts with the assumption that the most general assertions which can be made in relation to the subject in hand are self-evident truths, and that the whole existing framework of society, or of any other institution which may be under consideration, may be judged by reference to them. In some sciences—as, for example, in mathematics—this habit of mind is not without its advantages, inasmuch as the most general doctrines which they contain are reached at a comparatively early stage in the history of the study, and, when reached and enunciated, their convenience in affording solutions for all the problems connected with the subject, and in providing classifications, is so obvious as to persuade many persons to believe that they carry with them an evidence of their own, anterior to and independent of all experience whatever. It is in subjects of a more complicated kind that the practical inconvenience of misapprehending the nature of our knowledge as to general truths is most distinctly shown, because the liability to error in estimating the truth or falsehood of general statements is immensely great in such subjects, and also because prejudice and feeling exercise such an enormous and all but universal influence over the process of making the estimate.

We could hardly have a better instance of the character of such errors than M. Simon's work supplies. It forcibly confirms a conjecture which has frequently occurred to us, that the French must be singularly deficient in humour when they go on patiently building up such an infinite number of neat symmetrical systems—all based upon four or five eternal and self-evident truths as to the nature of which no two persons ever agree, and all equally remote from fact, and, to all appearance, equally insignificant in practical results. One man finds out a variety of eternal truths from which he infers, without doubt or hesitation, that men ought to live in phalansteries and wear waistcoats buttoning behind. Another, from truths equally eternal, deduces with equal confidence the conclusion that he ought to worship his wife, mother, and sister by turns, according as he wants one class of moral virtues more than another. A third discovers that the two first sets of self-evident and eternal truths are self-evidently and eternally false, and asserts that the Principles of 1789 "brilliant au fond de son être," that no one can possibly doubt or deny them, and that all municipal law is to be judged of solely by its conformity to them. It never seems to occur to a Frenchman that there can be such a thing as imperfect and tentative knowledge upon political subjects, and that, instead of inquiring what particular lights shine in the bottom of his being, he ought to inquire, not only how the being of other people is lighted, but what is proved by the fact that such illuminations exist.

The particular set of principles upon which M. Simon founds his system appear to us to be no more than rhetorical phrases. They prove nothing and express very little. He asserts that whoever believes in God must believe that men have rights, and not only rights, but a particular set of rights. He does not rest this doctrine upon any system of revealed religion, but simply, as we understand him, on natural religion. We can hardly imagine how a man of M. Simon's ability could ever express such an opinion as this. We thought that it had been matter of universal notoriety and common consent that there was no subject in the world on which men's opinions were more hopelessly divided than that of the fundamental propositions of natural theology. There cannot be a higher subject of thought than the being and attributes of God; but it seems to us to be neither more nor less than a contradiction to all experience and to all speculation to assert that upon that immense subject there is any one doctrine so self-evident, and—in so far as it is capable of being understood at all—so universally recognised by all men in the same sense, that it can be made the foundation for a statement of human rights. Men's views of the divine character, and especially of the relations which exist be-

tween God and man, differ enormously as they accept or reject the Christian theology or any particular form of it. Is every theological opinion to be represented by a corresponding theory of human rights, and of the whole organization of society? And if so, how are we ever to arrive at any prospect of agreement on the subject? The same may be said of morality. M. Simon's book ends with these words:—"Il n'y a de solide et d'éternel dans la législation que la morale;" and he assumes throughout his work the existence of some great system of morality based upon intuition, which is to be the soul of legislation, and the test by which every code of laws must be tried. If there is such a system anywhere, no one has yet succeeded in discovering it. To take a single, but most instructive example, what universal standard can possibly be laid down as to the relation between the sexes? Even in Christian and European nations, the question of divorce is an open question, solved in different modes in different countries, and in the same country at different times. If we take the whole world, we must certainly admit that polygamy is an open question. It is practised in many parts of the world without the least notion of criminality. Nay, chastity itself, as we understand its obligations, was not looked upon as a duty in the heathen world; whilst the Phædrus and Symposium reveal a state of things which to our eyes appears to violate sentiments looked upon as so emphatically instinctive that no one in these days ever thinks of examining them. M. Simon's eternal and self-evident morality is, in fact, neither more nor less than the morality of the more respectable part of the French nation during the first half of the nineteenth century—not a bad morality, perhaps, but very far indeed from being either complete or universal. Every system based upon propositions claiming to be recognised by universal intuition must of necessity begin by begging the question; but the authors of such systems may be fairly expected to know that they are begging it, and that, if their truths are universal, they are not at any rate universally admitted.

One of the most curious points about M. Simon's book is that it contains a great deal of evidence tending to show how it is that the French have come to believe in the stock of phrases which they call principles, and in the figment of the law of nature which so many of them suppose to lie at the bottom of human laws, and to give them their binding force and ultimate sanction. He compares at great length, and in a very interesting manner, the state of things in France before and after the Revolution, and with special reference to the contrasts afforded by the old French law and the Code; and one result of his comparison is to show that before the Revolution there was hardly anything in France which, strictly speaking, deserved the name of a law, and hardly anybody who could be properly called a legislator. In this country, for many hundred years, there has been a central administration of justice and a perfectly well-defined exercise of all legislative functions. A certain specific set of rules called the Common Law, and administered with inflexible rigidity by the Courts at Westminster, and the statutes of the realm enacted by Parliament, have at all times formed the law of England; and the consequence is that we attach a simpler and plainer meaning to the word "law" than any other nation. This was entirely different in France. To say nothing of the differences between the *pays de droit écrit* and the *pays coutumiers*, there were thirteen Parliaments and sovereign Courts scattered over the country, and an infinite number of minute local jurisdictions, armed with all sorts of different rights and powers, and administering laws essentially different. Over all these bodies the King, with his *ordonnances*, Beds of Justice, and right of what was called "evocation"—the power, that is, of withdrawing causes from the courts to which they properly belonged and trying them himself—exercised a doubtful, capricious kind of supremacy; and, besides his legal supremacy, he had vast executive powers of enormous extent, and singularly ill-defined, by virtue of which he was practically absolute. Independently of the King and the Courts of Justice, there were fundamental laws like that which regulated the succession to the Crown, which did not appear to have been made by any one; and there were also the States General, which were convoked about once in a century, and which, when they were convoked, were a most anomalous body. They might do almost anything if the King allowed them, but they were practically restrained to the function of giving utterance to the grievances of their electors without possessing any substantial means of reforming the grievances so made known. Amidst this chaos of authorities, it was not only natural but inevitable that the true theory that a law is a command from a superior to an inferior, imposing a duty and enforced by a sanction, should not have presented itself to the minds of French writers or thinkers. They naturally adopted the theory of the Roman lawyers—the more naturally because Roman law was to a great part of France what the Common Law is in England—that law has a foundation in itself, apart from and superior to all sanctions and all human enacting powers; and it is impossible not to see how deeply this theory affected the whole tone of French speculation on legal and political subjects. The Roman lawyers derived their theory from the Stoical philosophy, which upon this subject closely resembled the doctrine—so unhappily familiar to us all in these days—according to which the "laws" of gravitation, the "laws" of chemistry, the "laws" of tides, the "laws" of murder, and the "laws" of misdirected letters at the Post Office, are precisely similar in their

essence to the law that the eldest son is heir to his father, or that the property in goods sold passes on delivery. The French lawyers, in precisely the same manner as the English writers to whom we have alluded, considered that the rights of man in the abstract, and the rights of Frenchmen in particular, were to be deduced from some sort of study claiming to be scientific, and as independent of existing rules as the true theory of gravitation was of the views which Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe entertained on the subject. The history of France since the Revolution has certainly not tended to produce more correct views on the nature of law; for the frequent revolutions which have taken place have changed so abruptly and so violently the sanction on which French law depended, that we can easily understand how the law itself, which remains unchanged, should be supposed to be the real controlling power, instead of the shifting Government, whose sanction, in fact, gives it its validity, and transforms it from a mere speculation into a real power.

Apart from M. Simon's theories about liberty and the foundation of law, his book contains a very interesting description of the existing condition of French civil society. In most of the observations which he has to make upon these points we heartily agree with him. He points out with great vigour the degrading effects of Socialism on human character and human happiness, and establishes very conclusively the truth—happily familiar enough on this side of the Channel—that despotism is only one form of Socialism, and that it is very far from being the best or even the least bad of its manifestations. The picture which he gives of the internal condition of France after sixty years of revolution and a complete overthrow of most of the existing institutions of society, is as sad, and we fear as hopeless a picture as the most gloomy imagination could possibly devise. According to his calculation, one grown-up man out of every twelve is actually in the employment of the central Government, and it is the dearest wish of three or four of the other eleven to enter the same service. About 600,000 *employés* of different kinds receive on an average something more than 60*l.* a year, which is as nearly as possible 2*s.* a week—not so much as a footman gets in England, and far less than may be earned by a skilled mechanic in a moderately prosperous trade. This is a fact which almost supersedes all comment and all controversy. Whatever the admirers of competitive examination may say to the contrary, there is hardly any position in life so galling, so dependent, so irksome, and so dull as that of a subordinate clerk in a public office. We can imagine no national calamity more dreadful than that the ambition to fill such positions should be brought home to half the households—even the poorest households—which it contains; and there can be no sort of doubt that the French have brought on themselves this frightful curse by allowing themselves to be talked into a perfectly insane passion for equality—a passion which, however it may be adorned by demagogues and justified by philosophers, is, after all, nothing more than a compound of the two vilest appetites of our nature—vanity and envy.

The saddest part of the condition of the French seems to be, that it hardly admits of any reform. In the last century they wore picturesque but barbarous fetters, which galled them cruelly, no doubt, and which aggravated the wounds they caused by the capricious irregularity of their pressure. In the present day the anomalies are all gone, the barbarism is swept away, the caprice is at end; but a civilized, gentle, equitable pressure, which shows no flagrant absurdities, gives no handle to the sneers and the ridicule which so effectively assailed the old state of things, and is restrained by no independent machinery as lumbering, antiquated, and incongruous as itself, is squeezing the very life out of the nation; and because, like death, it levels the tower with the cottage, the cottager enjoys and applauds its operation. This new power has contrived to give to a majority of the people a direct interest in its existence. It accustoms them to be rocked and dandled in its paternal embrace till they are quickly losing the use of their limbs; nay, it makes provision, with a malignantly ingenious foresight, for the preservation and extension of its influence. The bargain between the French Government and the French railway companies is perhaps as instructive an instance of the way in which France is governed as could possibly be mentioned. After the expiration of a ninety years' lease, all these bodies are to merge into the State. As if it were not enough that the State should have 600,000 clerks, it makes long-sighted bargains beforehand to increase their numbers to an extent altogether portentous. When we think of these things, we feel that no human being can estimate what England lost on that disastrous day when Louis Napoleon destroyed the only elements of liberty which his country contained. With a free press and a free Parliament, everything was possible to France. Old fetters might have been broken, new ones need not have been forged, and we should have had the inestimable advantage of a neighbour with whom we could sympathize, and on whom we could depend. As it is, we see growing up within a few miles of our coast a sort of European China—civilized indeed, powerful and intellectual in the highest degree, but more and more cut off from all our sympathies. We can only express the indignation and regret with which the spectacle affects us, and offer our heartiest good wishes and our most sincere tribute of admiration and respect to M. Simon, and to all those other brave and wise Frenchmen who, like the 7000 in Israel, refuse to bow the knee to Baal.



## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.\*

THE piety and realism of the present day have culminated in a work which balances the autobiography of a prostitute with the record of her repentance. In no other country, and in no other age, would such a book have been possible. The class which thinks that the delineation of the phases undergone by an unfortunate female can be advantageously turned into a subject of religious meditation, does not exist on the Continent; and it would have occurred to the English of former days, that if Peregrine Pickle wished to make the latter end of a "Lady of Quality" really edifying, he had better not allow her to begin by recounting her amours. But the author of *Out of the Depths* is bent on uniting the realism of Dumas with the usefulness of a tract, and he evidently is sincere in thinking that he has accomplished his purpose. We are half inclined to shrink from discussing such a subject; but we are forced to notice a book which makes such a startling claim to the reputation of usefulness, and which is connected with what seems to us a very prominent and very bad feature in the habits and literature of the present day; and if we notice the book at all, we must speak plainly on it. Besides, this tale comes from the house of a respectable publisher; and the incontestably good intentions of the writer demand some respect. We are aware that to censure a book as indecent is to advertise it; but we are consoled by the hope that those who look at it from curiosity will soon lay it aside on reflecting that they have easy access to literary pictures of Social Evils that are more exciting, if not more faithful. And as it is part of the duty of a reviewer to point out beforehand what books are unfit for family reading, we should not be justified if we did not express an opinion that no parent ought on any account to let this book come within reach of young ladies.

The plea on which *Out of the Depths* is offered to decent society is, that its perusal will do good. On the contrary, we think that it will either produce no impression at all, or it will do good in a bad way, or it will do positive harm. There is a fundamental error in the literary composition of the tale, which is also a fatal obstacle to its usefulness. The description of vice is perfectly real and adequate, but the description of the subsequent goodness is artificial, fictitious, and illusory. The writer of the supposed autobiography is the daughter of a gardener who loves a young gentleman, yields to her passion, flies from home to avoid disgrace, is cast on the world by the sudden death of her lover, and then forms connexions of a progressively lower kind, until she is reduced to the level of the regular London, gin-drinking, street-walking prostitute. There is no illusion in this account; the coarse repulsive truth is sketched as it generally exists. The race of unfortunate women are, we should suppose, very much like the Mary Smith of this book. She is represented, not as betrayed, but as willingly hurrying on to her own ruin. She deceives those who protect her. She meets the heartlessness of men with businesslike depravity. So far, at any rate, the picture has the merit of truth; it is not the exceptional but the ordinary specimen of the class that is painted. But directly she begins to repent—directly we are introduced to the moral of the book—all is changed. Melodrama replaces reality. She is awakened to a sense of shame by the intervention of that kind of ideal clergyman who is now in fashion; tall, with long, fair hair, enormous physical strength, and endless determination of will. She undergoes a few preliminary trials in London, and then she is let loose into a sort of religious clover-field for the rest of the volume. Every one pets her. She is welcomed from house to house. She is received with open arms by all her former patronesses and friends. A substantial farmer offers to marry her. She is entrusted with the sole charge of a girls' school. A fresh fatted calf is killed for her in each succeeding chapter. Nor is this bright vision of prosperity and pious comfort the only departure from the stern realities of life. The writer, who has probably in the description of facts been guided by the experience of some real person, often in the latter portion of his work loses sight altogether of the penitent gardener's daughter in the haste to portray his own religious tastes and fancies. The poor Magdalen is represented as receiving with intense delight, satisfaction, and profit, three books from the discerning clergyman who superintends her conversion. These books are the *Confessions of St. Augustine*, *Thomas à Kempis*, and *Pascal's Thoughts*. It would be difficult to find three books more ludicrously unsuited to a woman in the supposed position of Mary Smith.

Now, to what class of persons is this sort of history to do good? Can it be that it is to profit women in a like position, but who have not reached the happy ending of the heroine? We should doubt it. The description of a reality which they know from sad experience can be of no sort of advantage to them. They must, therefore, be expected to derive benefit from the rose-coloured religious ending of this painful story. But if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that people are not to be cheated into goodness. They will only recoil in despair from the black lot that lies before them, as compared with the bright sunshine of the concluding scenes of Mary Smith's narrative. They will ask impatiently, Where is the gallant clergyman-hero, beautiful, gentle, eloquent, wise, tender, that will venture to visit them, and talk with them, that will

secure them a comfortable home in the country, and encompass them with an atmosphere of pitying love? Unreality will make itself felt, even when the person who perceives its existence cannot exactly say where it lies. The writer who could make his Magdalen cling fondly to the fragments of abstruse scepticism which are collected under the name of *Pascal's Thoughts*, is sure to commit himself in many minor details, and will force on a reader the conviction that Mary Smith's reformed life is too often the mere day-dream of a good gentleman. The author has, indeed, tried to soften off the glow of Mary Smith's final good luck and moral excellence by killing her suddenly off in three lines at the end. But the artifice does not succeed. The balance of affairs is not to be set right by an accidental cold imprudently neglected. The bulk of the story goes to show that Mary Smith had a happy ending; and it is because this ending, if possible, must be clearly exceptional, that we think it could not much influence the conduct of any erring sister.

We do not for a moment question the genuineness of the piety which prompted the composition of this book, and which shines through its pages. We agree with the spirit in which much of it is written. Penitence is represented in it as a protracted, an intermittent, and a very laborious process; and this is much better and truer than to depict it as being marked by the sudden spring into spiritual life which is one of the very rarest events in the history of the human heart. Those who wished to defend the publication of *Out of the Depths* might, we imagine, be inclined to say that they granted that the nature of the story made it unfit for general perusal, and that there was a large allowance of nonsense and melodrama in the concluding part of the story, but still that it set before erring women and their partners in sin the necessity and the true character of repentance, and that this was enough to make the book useful. It is impossible to say that a book which sets forth some of the truths of the Gospel may not do some good to some human being; but we may assert with confidence that, if we consider the number of better books that exist calculated to answer the same purpose in a better way, we think this tale is perfectly superfluous, and that, as its numerous faults are likely to do harm, the result on the whole is decidedly against it. The attempt to communicate religious instruction by a fictitious narrative is a very dangerous one, for the reader is perpetually comparing the book with his own personal experience. When religious instruction is given directly, when the Bible is read or listened to, we have the simple question presented whether we will accept the teaching of the Gospel. But when we hear that a certain fictitious woman was taught the Gospel by a very imaginary clergyman under very imaginary circumstances, we ask ourselves whether our circumstances are like hers, which is an irrelevant and distracting consideration as compared with the great question of personal repentance. "They have Moses and the Prophets." Women and men who are inclined to open their hearts to religious influences have the Bible and the ministration of teachers of the Bible; or if they have not, then these things should be given them, and not the very poor substitute of an objectionable tale.

For the tale is itself highly objectionable; and, even if it were established as a possibility that there might be persons more likely to receive good from this story than from the purer and plainer teaching offered in the usual channels of instruction, we could not admit that this justified its publication. As we have said, it comes before us exactly in the shape it would have assumed if intended to be read in families. It is nicely got up in the fashion of one-volume novels—it is advertised in the regular list of a well-known publisher connected with one of our universities. This appears to us to close all discussion. Until we are assured that it will be excluded from every circle where there are pure unmarried girls, we cannot begin to discuss whether it may by some chance do good to some exceptionally-minded sinner. What can be worse for a young woman than to read the vicissitudes through which kept mistresses usually pass? We may trust the experience of all ages, the consent of all fathers and mothers who have watched carefully over daughters, the reflections of all critics of human life, that female purity absolutely demands a certain degree and kind of ignorance. The tender bloom of innocence, which, once gone, can never be replaced, is brushed away at once if a girl is permitted to fasten her imagination on the feelings and motives which induce a fallen woman to exchange one *liaison* for another. We think that there is a most dangerous tendency in these days of inconsiderate philanthropy to overturn the barriers of ignorant innocence under the plausible pretext of a pious care for the erring. We do not wish to see a set of young ladies springing up who know all about penitentiaries. And yet no one can say that there is not some danger of this occurring. How can we account for the publication of *Out of the Depths* if the current of fashion were not setting in that direction? The very piety which in such books accompanies the revelation of what ought to be concealed only makes their perusal more dangerous. If a girl reads *Don Juan* she knows she is doing wrong. Her conscience will sting her; she will have to disregard warning after warning. But even a good girl might think it was no harm to read a pious tale like *Out of the Depths*. It is the duty of her natural guardians, therefore, to keep away from her works which, like this, will heedlessly tell her what she had certainly much better not try to understand. We regret to have to condemn so unreservedly a book which is so evidently the work of a

\* *Out of the Depths. The Story of a Woman's Life.* Cambridge and London: Macmillan. 1859.

good man, and of a man who has, on some detached points, really useful truths to tell. But he has chosen to give his thoughts a very bad shape, and his publisher has chosen to issue his production in a form which might take it where it would do harm; and we have therefore no choice but to record our opinion that the less the book is circulated among the ordinary readers of well-meaning novels the better.

#### CORRESPONDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.\*

THE circumstances of the day give a peculiar interest to that portion of the correspondence of Napoleon I. which is contained in the present volume. The period over which it extends is the last six months of the Italian campaign of 1796-7. The opening letter bears date, Milan, 22nd September, 1796—that with which the volume closes was written from Leoben, on the 19th of April, 1797, the day after the signature of the preliminaries of peace. In his recent proclamation to the army of Italy, the Emperor of the French reminds his troops that, “in passing Mondovi, Marengo, Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, and Rivoli,” they will “be marching in another *Via Sacra*,” inscribed with the memorials of the exalted deeds of their fathers. The allusion takes for granted a series of successes like those which more than sixty years ago so rapidly transferred the war from Piedmont to the left bank of the Adige. It may remind some readers of the saying of Montesquieu—“Ce sont toujours les aventuriers qui font de grandes choses et non pas les souverains des grands empires;” but Louis Napoleon, it may be contended, in becoming “the sovereign of a great empire” has not ceased to be an “adventurer.” Are we to regard the two volumes of the Correspondence of Napoleon, so seasonably “published by order” of his successor, as a purely historic tribute to the genius of the founder of the Bonaparte dynasty, or as a reminder addressed to the French people, similar in purport to the proclamation recently issued to the army of Italy?

The correspondence before us does not possess the autobiographic interest which attaches to the letters of Napoleon contained in the *Mémoires et Correspondance du Roi Joseph*, published within the last few years under the care of M. du Casse. It makes no revelations. It throws no light on the motives and secret aims, or on the personal character, of the extraordinary man, the mere shadow of whose name and the tradition of whose policy are once more overclouding France and Europe. The documents it contains are official, and most of the more important of them have, in one form or another, been made public before. They consist chiefly of despatches to the Directory and to French generals of division, and of orders of the day, and represent as in preparation the events which first became known to the world still more authentically as *faits accomplis*.

Napoleon's first campaign in Italy possesses that kind of interest for the student of his life which attaches to the first distinguished success of a great master in any art. It revealed his powers to himself and the world, and determined his career. He himself was in the habit of dating his conviction of his future greatness, and the birth of his ambitious designs, from the victory at Lodi. His letters to his brother Joseph, written during the year 1795, show what was the state of mind from which he had emerged. They exhibit him listless, eaten up with *ennui*, without distinct purpose or plan, but full of hair-brained projects which his imagination toyed with for a time and then abandoned. From this brain-sick, uncertain state, to which there is something parallel in the lives of most men of capacity before they find out where their strength lies and the field for its exercise, the assurance of a career affording scope for his genius and boundless ambition delivered him at once and permanently.

The Italian campaign of 1796-7 constitutes an era, not only in the life of Napoleon, but also in the development of the art of war. It superseded the “System of Magazines,” and that of the “War of Posts.” In deference to the principle expressed in the former phrase, it was deemed essential to good generalship to keep the line of an army's operations within a few days' march of its storehouses, and its communication with them open, as the sole means of warding off destitution and famine. The second principle led to the diffusion of troops over a long line of frontier—often extending to hundreds of miles—and to the occupying of all the possible roads, in order to guard every one of them from the possibility of the enemy's approach. Hence a retreating army could only be pursued to a certain distance, for fear the pursuing force should be cut off from its magazines. And engagements were of necessity almost all partial—a success here was balanced by a defeat there. Campaigns ended without any permanent result. Armies retired into their winter quarters in much the same relative condition as that in which they left them. Napoleon changed all this. For the system of magazines he substituted the plan of making war support itself, by levying contributions on the countries occupied by his troops, and penetrated boldly to the heart of the enemy's territory, aiming to fight battles and dictate peace under the walls of their capitals. Instead of dispersing, he concentrated his troops. His principle was to bring the entire body of his forces to bear upon a single decisive point, and with the same

men to defeat in succession the scattered corps of the enemy. This method, indeed, is of much wider than merely military application. To concentrate all one's forces on point after point, instead of dispersing them at once over the whole surface of any subject we would master, is the condition of success in every pursuit. Though the rules of an art seldom admit of discovery by mere common sense unaided by the appropriate technical training, yet, if true, they are always capable of being reduced to admitted maxims of common sense. The principles on which Napoleon made war were probably not in the first instance thought out by him as universally valid and applicable, but were dictated by the necessities of the case. They did not present themselves to him as the best method, but as the only possible method by which, under the given conditions, he could achieve anything and save himself and his army from annihilation. “From the nettle danger he plucked the flower safety.” It is a striking illustration of his military genius, that from the special exigencies and accidents of his first campaign he derived those permanent principles and general rules which have since constituted the fundamental maxims of the art, and by the use of which his enemies at last triumphed over himself.

When towards the close of March, 1796, he arrived at Nice, to take the command of the army of Italy, it consisted, according to his own statement, of 38,500 infantry, ill supplied both with food and clothes. The united forces of Sardinia and Austria, commanded by Colli and Beaulieu, were 73,000 strong—sufficient, together, to overwhelm his small army. His object, therefore, was to separate and attack them in succession. The battles of Montenotte and Millesimo enabled him to push forward into the valley of the Bormida, dividing the two wings of the allied army, and having beaten the Austrians at Dego, to defeat the Piedmontese at Mondovi. In three weeks from the beginning of the campaign, Sardinia was detached from the coalition, her principal fortresses were ceded to the French, and Piedmont became a highway of communication with the Republic. Thus the same base of operations which the alliance affords to his successor, Napoleon I. gained by conquest. Beaulieu was driven, in rapid sequence, across the Po, the Adda, the Mincio, and the Adige. He succeeded in throwing a garrison into Mantua, and withdrew into the Tyrol. All Lombardy, with the exception of Mantua, was in the hands of the French. Mantua was blockaded.

The second Austrian army advanced to Verona in two divisions—one following the eastern, the other the western shore of Lago di Garda. The siege of Mantua was raised. Bonaparte, collecting all his forces, defeated the two divisions, one after the other, at Lonato and Medola, and again at Roveredo and Bassano, and compelled Wurmser, with the mere wreck of his army, to cut his way to, and shut himself up in, Mantua, which was again blockaded. This was on the 14th of September, 1796, eight days before the time at which the present instalment of the correspondence of Napoleon opens. The third army which the Austrians got together pursued the same policy of dividing its strength which had hitherto had such fatal results. After some temporary successes on the side of the Austrians, the battle of Arcole compelled Alvinzi's division, 30,000 strong, to withdraw from Verona into winter quarters. Davidowich, with 20,000 men, who had advanced down the Adige to the district lying between Verona and Peschiera, where his forces were to have formed a junction with those of Alvinzi, was driven back by the victors of Arcole into the Tyrol. The object of the campaign—the raising of the siege of Mantua—was as far from being attained as ever. These events brought to a close the military operations of 1796. A fourth army was prepared for the relief of Wurmser and his garrison, and entered Italy in January, 1797. This fourth Austrian army pursued similar tactics with a similar result. A division under Alvinzi was cut to pieces at Rivoli. General Provera, at the head of 5000 men, was three days afterwards defeated, and with his men taken prisoner before Mantua, by the troops who had fought at Rivoli. Wurmser and his garrison, reduced to extremities, with but three days' provisions left, capitulated, on honourable terms, on the 2nd of February.

The defeat of a fifth imperial army under the Archduke Charles at the Tagliamento and at Tarvis, transferred the war to the hereditary States of Austria. On the 7th of April the French advanced to Judenburg, in Upper Styria, within eight days' march of the capital. On the following day an armistice was agreed upon at the neighbouring village of Leoben, where, on the 18th of the same month, the preliminaries of peace, which formed the basis of the subsequent treaty of Campo Formio, were signed.

Within little more than a year, the French had made themselves masters of Italy. North of the Po, Sardinia had been detached from the coalition. Lombardy was conquered. The neutrality of Venice had been violated, and she only awaited her destruction. South of the Po, the fortresses of Genoa had been occupied by French garrisons, and the Senate had renounced the Austrian alliance. The Duchies of Parma and Modena had purchased neutrality by heavy payments of money, provisions, and works of art. The ineffectual hostility of the Pope had been punished first by the terms of the armistice of Bologna, and afterwards by the still heavier conditions which formed the articles of the treaty of Tolentino, by which Avignon, Romagna, and the legations of Bologna and Ferrara were ceded. Naples early withdrew her troops from the Imperial camp, and renounced the Imperial alliance. The neutrality of Tuscany, a friendly State,

\* *Correspondance de Napoléon I.* Publiée par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III. Tome deuxième. Paris, 1859.



was violated by the seizure of Leghorn and the confiscation of the goods of English, Portuguese, and other foreign merchants in that port. Modena, Reggio, Bologna, and Ferrara were constituted a Cispadane Republic. There was not an Italian State from the Alps to the Straits of Messina which had not succumbed either to the force of French arms or to the ascendancy of French influence. Within twelve months five Austrian armies had been defeated in detail. The paucity of the French forces rendered it necessary that they should be kept well together and well in hand, and that rapidity of movement should supply deficiency of numbers. The poverty of the Directory, the impossibility of drawing supplies from France, the urgent need, on the contrary, of sending money thither, made it requisite to levy contributions on the States which were the seat of war. During the campaign of 1796, not less than 120,000,000 francs were extorted from the various peoples of Italy. These circumstances compelled the adoption of the strategic and tactical system exemplified in the Italian campaigns. Napoleon, however, contended in some respects at an advantage, as contrasted with the Imperialist generals. The Aulic Council conducted the campaign from Vienna, instead of leaving a large discretion in the hands of their commanders, who were forced to act in obedience to orders which they disapproved, and saw to be ruinous. The exigencies of the war were subordinated to politics and diplomacy. Napoleon, on the other hand, had no hesitation in disobeying the Executive Directory whenever he dissented from its plans. Thus he refused to divide his army, and, giving up the command of that destined to operate in Lombardy to Kellermann, to proceed with 25,000 men southwards, in order to reduce Rome and Naples. With him politics and diplomacy waited upon events. The Aulic Council were their own generals. Bonaparte was his own Aulic Council.

The chief interest which the volume before us possesses is for the military student. It exhibits in a wonderful degree the faculties of quick perception, skilful, varied, and sure combination, and prompt action which Napoleon justly attributed to himself when he said, "My hand is not at the extremity of my arm, but in immediate connexion with my head." The writer's statements, when they magnify his own exploits and the difficulties under which they were accomplished, may indeed require to be taken with some degree of qualification; for, in addition to Napoleon's other shining qualities, he had that of being *splendid mendax*, and was a veritable *miles gloriosus*. But, after all deductions, the Italian campaign of 1796-7 must be regarded as the greatest triumph of military genius recorded in history. The moral qualities displayed by Napoleon Bonaparte then, as during his subsequent career, are in striking contrast with his intellectual greatness. It is stated of Gustavus Adolphus, that in his campaigns he had always with him, and kept under his pillow, Grotius, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. Nothing similar can be said, even in figure, of Napoleon. There was no right of peace or war which he did not unscrupulously violate. The plunder of Pavia, the slaughter of the peasants of Binasco, the treacherous annihilation of the Venetian Republic, the invasion of the neutrality of the unoffending Duchy of Tuscany, and the spoliation and brigandage which devastated Italy as he advanced, were as prophetic of his future career as the victories of Lodi, Arcole, and Rivoli.

#### SPORTING IN ALGERIA.\*

ALGERIA is beginning to attract a considerable number of English invalids for the winter months, and the natural consequence of its growing popularity is, that we are beginning to get accounts of its various aspects and of the attractions which it offers to different classes of visitors. Mr. Harcourt's little book upon the subject makes no very great pretensions, but it is an interesting and well-written sketch of what is always to Englishmen an important feature in a new harbour of refuge from consumption—the sporting capabilities of the country. It is not the least singular phase of that intense love for field sports which distinguishes our countrymen in all imaginable situations, that it should often be literally a ruling passion strong in death. One might have thought that a man who went a thousand miles or more from home to nurse weak lungs would have cared comparatively little for shooting wild-fowl, or even for the more exciting sport of spearing wild-boars; but it is not so in fact. Those who go to die frequently seem to remain to shoot—a fact which says a great deal both for the healthiness of the climate and the vivacity of the patients.

Mr. Harcourt's book consists of a series of letters describing the principal things which attracted his attention during his stay in Algeria, most of which are more or less interesting, whilst one or two are really curious. Perhaps the most singular of them all is an account of a strange set of fanatics, who perform the most astonishing juggling tricks. They derive their power, they say, from the fact that they represent the faithful in the wilderness, to whom Allah gave power to eat anything and to perform many wonderful acts without injury. The initiation into the sect is simple but rather emphatic. The ceremony consists in the chief dervish's spitting down the neophyte's throat. When initiated, they perform the most astonishing feats under the influence of a kind of frenzy produced by leaping about and exciting

themselves. Mr. Harcourt saw two of them eat cactus leaves covered with thorns. He saw another put the sharp end of a spit into his eye, and spin it round and round till the eye was almost pushed out—after which he drove it several inches into his body. Others performed feats of fire-eating hardly less astonishing. There is a considerable analogy between these performances and the tortures which the North American Indians used to inflict on themselves by way of confirming their courage. The fire-eating is not very surprising, but the infliction of positive wounds is a much more remarkable performance. Juggling has been said on high authority to deserve more attention than it has received; and many stories of Indian and African performances of this kind would seem to prove it. Amongst an ignorant population it is by no means an unnatural proceeding to make use of curious bits of scientific knowledge merely for these puerile purposes; and if the secrets of the jugglers could be discovered, it is impossible that they might be found to be of more importance than the absurdity of the uses to which they are devoted would suggest.

Mr. Harcourt does not appear to have had an opportunity of acquainting himself with the nature of the great game of Algeria. He had nothing to do either with lions or with panthers. On one occasion he went out with some French officers to look for *El-ouerd*—the yellow one—as the lion is called, but failed to find him. He has, however, one or two panther stories. A M. Bombonelle, who is a great hunter of panthers, shot one of them through both forelegs. The panther charged him, tore his cheek and his forehead, and bit off the end of his nose, after which it rolled over the side of the hill on which the combat had taken place, and was found dead at the bottom in the morning. On one occasion a mere child killed a panther. A boy of twelve was allowed to carry about a gun to shoot small birds. Seeing a strange face staring at him through the bushes, he fired, and told his parents that he thought he had shot something near the river. A full-grown panther was accordingly found there quite dead. The shot had passed like a ball through his eye. Next in dignity to lions and panthers amongst African beasts of chase, come the wild-boars, of which Mr. Drummond Hay published some years since so many interesting accounts. Mr. Harcourt had not much to do with them; but he hunted them on two different principles—lying in wait on their tracks to shoot them as they returned to their dens from their nightly wanderings, and hunting them on horseback with dogs, guns, and spears. The latter mode of proceeding must be both exciting and amusing, as a hundred Arabs or more will join in the pursuit, firing wildly at everything that comes in their way when the boar is in sight, and attempting to spear him when they approach sufficiently near. In one hunt, at which Mr. Harcourt was present, eight boars were killed by these various modes of destruction. Algeria abounds in game of a less formidable kind. Mouflons, or wild sheep, gazelles, ostriches—which are hunted down by horsemen, and killed by a blow with a stick—and bustards form part of the list, which is made up to a respectable size by an unlimited supply of almost every sort of waterfowl. Snipes and wild-duck are exceedingly common.

Mr. Harcourt reports very favourably of the healthiness of Algeria, especially for diseases of the lungs. Out of five hundred bodies of Europeans examined by a French physician, only five had died (as we understand the statement) of tubercular disease. This would, of course, imply that, in a large number of cases, the formation of tubercles had been either prevented or arrested. Intermittent fevers are, however, common in the summer, and it is said to be almost impossible to rear European children of less than two years old. This is, of course, a very sufficient reason for the slow progress made by the colony in prosperity. Like all other persons who have written on the subject, Mr. Harcourt states that the French colonists are not sufficiently persevering to succeed. Indeed, few of the civil colonists are French. There are 43,000 Spaniards, 10,000 Italians, 7000 Maltese, 6000 Germans, 2000 Swiss, and a few natives of other countries. Mr. Harcourt speaks of his having met one Englishman. If the colony really costs 12,000,000*l.* a-year, and only yields a revenue of 800,000*l.*, the French have certainly bought their step towards commercial greatness exceedingly dear, though they did a great service to Europe in rooting out the nest of pirates who preceded them.

#### MEDIAEVAL LONDON.\*

THE ancient documents and chronicles, "published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls," continue to appear, volume after volume, with a wonderful diversity of merit alike among authors and editors. We have works ranging from the valuable contemporary life of Edward the Confessor and the letters of Adam de Marisco to Simon de Montfort, down to such utter rubbish as Capgrave's *Illustrations of the History of the Cronicles of Scotland*. They are edited and commented on by men of every kind of calibre, from Mr. Shirley and Mr. Brewer to Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Hingeston. Mr. Shirley and Mr. Brewer give us really valuable historical monuments, edited with real learning and thorough sympathy. Next in in-

\* *Sporting in Algeria*. By Edward Vernon Harcourt. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.

\* *Munimenta Gildhallæ Londoniensis*. Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, M.A. Vol. I., containing "Liber Albus," compiled A.D. 1419. London: Longmans. 1859.

terest to the panegyric on Godwine and his son, written by a man who had dwelt familiarly with them, comes the tale, as recorded by the great Franciscan oracle, how Earl Simon, accused of misgovernment by the Aquitanian nobles, brought forward in his defence the best of characters from the City of Bourdeaux. These are genuine living bits of history, for which one would be contented to wade through a considerable amount either of mediæval or of modern twaddle. But one really cannot help asking whether there is any absolute necessity for the Mezertian union of De Marisco and Capgrave in a single series, or whether the interests of historic science would have been perilled without the juxtaposition of such odd partners as Shirley, Hingeston, and Co. One thing, however, we must admit—no editor could have been found so appropriate for Capgrave as Mr. Hingeston; no work could have been found so appropriate for Mr. Hingeston as that of editing Capgrave. Mr. Hingeston's enthusiasm for his author is the result of a thorough fellow-feeling. The two men occupy a similar position in the intellectual balance of the fifteenth and the nineteenth century. The twaddler and blunderer of Plantagenet times could certainly find no one better qualified to introduce him to the age of Victoria than a gentleman who thinks that Jerusalem is in Prussia, that Judas Maccabæus conquered India, and that "Affra capella," when done into English, means "a she-goat's skin." Since his great literary exploit, we perceive that Mr. Hingeston has earned the ornament of a scarf as "Capellanus" to a noble lady. May we ask whether the devotions of her ladyship's household are performed within a "capella" of the same kind as that which, according to their celebrator, sheltered the bones of the Franco-German Cæsar?

The present volume is, both in its matter and its editing, intermediate between the best and the worst of the series. It is not of the same thrilling interest as the two or three gems of the collection, and its editor, Mr. Riley, shows no signs of anything like the same power as Mr. Shirley and Mr. Brewer; but it is a curious and valuable document, thoroughly well worth publishing, and which has been carefully and lovingly edited. In this series the introduction is the great touchstone; notes are almost excluded, though Mr. Hingeston had a license in this respect; and it needs almost Hingestonian powers to introduce anything very monstrous into a mere index or marginal analysis. But each editor seems to have no limit assigned to either the quantity or the quality of his introductory matter. In short, in several of the series—the present, for instance—the introduction is the only thing which one can be expected to have read through. We do not profess to have read every one even of the letters of Adam de Marisco, still less through every one of the civic ordinances. Many of the books in such a series as this must always be essentially books of reference. The introduction will be read—the text itself will only be referred to on occasion. It is in their introductory essays that Mr. Brewer and Mr. Shirley have shown the amount of historical power which is in them. And now Mr. Riley, in publishing a work rather antiquarian than strictly historical, has given us an introductory analysis containing a very curious and interesting picture of mediæval London.

London, we perhaps ought to observe, had a real and undoubted being in the Middle Ages. In our own times its existence seems more doubtful. The *Times* seems quite uncertain on the point. "London," it told us the other day, "is almost as unmentionable as another place. Who ever comes to London? Who resides there? . . . 'London' recalls no associations of interest. It awakens no patriotism. It tells of no *religio loci*. It excludes all that is delightful, and includes all that is horrible. Why London, any more than Middlesex or the metropolitan counties? It is really nothing more than the 'Department of the Thames.' O for Adam and Eve, or some other inspired nomenclator just for half an hour, to give things their right names." We bow to the superior experience of Printing House-square as to the non-existence, or at any rate the unmentionableness, of modern London. We are bound to believe that so great an authority means something, though we cannot exactly tell what it means. We fall back on the certain, even if obsolete fact, of the existence of London in past ages. Mediæval London, from the twelfth century onward, "recalled associations" of the deepest "interest" to every Englishman, and "awakened" the warmest "patriotism" in the hearts of its own inhabitants. On this latter head, at least, we remember an eloquent passage of Lord Macaulay. As to the former, the past importance of London is written in every page of English history. To be sure mediæval London was only the City. But then the City held much the same relation to the whole kingdom which the whole of modern London now does. The Tower was a not uncommon Royal residence. Peers and bishops had town houses east of Temple Bar. In times of revolution, the weight of London City was of the greatest moment—of more, we fancy, than London, Westminster, Tower Hamlets and Co. would be found to be, could the question be tried again. As Lord Macaulay says, Manchester and Liverpool approach nearer to rivalry with the great London of these days than Norwich and Bristol did with the little London of those. To have become the one permanent place for the meeting of Parliament seems to be the only decided advance in relative importance made by the "unmentionable" London of 1859 over the famous London of the days of Magna Charta or the Good Parliament.

The strange phenomenon about London—perhaps the most remarkable piece of dead and unreasoning conservatism in existence

—is the distinct municipal existence still retained by that small part of modern London which formed the mediæval City. Other cities have grown and have changed, but their municipal government has grown and changed along with them. The city of Bristol has developed itself, and taken in its suburbs, fashionable and vulgar alike. Manchester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, have acquired Parliamentary representatives at Westminster, and mayors and town councils at home. But London City, in its buildings one of the most modern of English cities, with its very cathedral of quite recent date, remains in its constitution the oldest and most unchanged of all. No Reform Bill ventures to touch it. Mediæval London still retains its boundaries, while modern London has grown up round it. The limits which once separated it from the surrounding country still separate it from streets and squares abandoned to municipal anarchy. Mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, are all in full force, just as they were in the days of *Liber Albus*. This is, surely, something rather different from a "Department of the Thames," with a Prefect according to the last Napoleonic pattern. London City, in short, is of itself one of the greatest of archaeological curiosities. But how much more when all its documentary riches are laid before us! They are, indeed, a feast for those whose tastes lead them that way. Above all things, we can realize the delight of M. Delpit and the other French antiquaries quoted by Mr. Riley. They must surely have felt somewhat acutely the contrast between ancient London and modern Paris. The contrast, in truth, pursues one everywhere in England and France. You walk through a French town which looks as if it had stood unaltered since the fifteenth century. But on every wall you see posted up some *Arrêt*, which brings forcibly home to you the fact that you are in the reign of Napoleon III. You go through an English town bearing everywhere the latest stamp of the nineteenth century. But does a War, a Peace, an Election, an Assize happen to be proclaimed as you go by? If so, ten to one but every title, every formula, runs in pretty nearly the same style that it did in the days of the Plantagenets.

Mediæval London suggests so many subjects for thought that we have wandered away perhaps too far from the book immediately before us. The *Liber Albus* was compiled by John Carpenter, a civic notable of the fifteenth century, and contains rules and regulations, royal ordinances, reports of cases, &c. &c., giving a complete picture of "Life in London" during the two centuries before his own time. These documents are partly in Latin, partly in French—we do not think there is any English in the whole book. We need not, however, leap to the conclusion that English was unknown to contemporaries of Wicliffe and Chaucer. The exact steps by which French, as a spoken language, died out in England are not very easy to trace; but one can hardly doubt that many a man always wrote in French who always talked in English, and that many a man wrote an official document in French who would not have thought of using any tongue but English in a private letter. The man who could (in p. 53) speak of the King and the Council as persons to be "ex parte civitatis salutandos et *velcomandos*" certainly spoke good Teutonic at his fireside. It is curious, however, to find the writer speaking of the old charters, that of William the Conqueror for instance, being "in lingua Saxonica," in the same *ab extra* way that people do now. Once or twice the writer displays a little comparative philology. The following passage is really curious as a matter both of history and language:—

Principales immediateque regno locum-tenentes in Londoniensi constituti, a tempore Domini Willelmi Regis, Anglie Conquestoris, variis in temporibus variis nominibus fungebantur. Ipse namque Rex suum locum-tenentem in dicta civitate, quem nunc "Majorem" dicimus, "Portgraviū" (quod nomen a lingua Saxonica, quæ et Anglia, sumperat) appellavit; ut patet per ejus Chartam, cujus tenor habetur in Libro Custumarum folio clxxxvii. "Port" enim, Saxonice et Teutonice, Latine "Civitas" appellatur. "Grave" quoque Saxonice vel Alemannica lingua, "Comes" dicitur in Latina. Unde factum fuerat hoc nomen "Portgravius" significans hoc quod dicitur "Civitatis Comes" unde, quamdiu Anglia fuit regnum, honor Comitibus debitus, tam in Regis presentia quam alibi, Londoniarum presidi, qui, "Major" dicitur, dum steterat in Majoratus officio, pertinebat; et inde est quod gladius ante ipsum, et non post, more Comitibus est portatus.

Quod autem scribitur in dicta charta Saxonice vel Anglice, "*Gofregd Portrefas*" vel *Portree* vitio scriptoris aut lingue Saxonice, processu temporis vitiatæ vel variatæ, creditur imputandum: omitiendo, vel pronuntiando vel scribendo, "*g*" litteram. Constat enim quod civitatis prepositus usque adhuc, in lingua Saxonica et Alemannica, "*Portgrave*" vel "*Portree*" penes antiquiores dici solet. Sic enim dicta civitas quæ quondam "*Luddesden*" a rege Lud vocabatur, per corruptionem idiomatis "*London*" nuncupatur. Ac etiam quia hoc nomen "*ree*" Saxonice sonat "villicum" vel "ballivum," qui sæpius in ore populi nominatur, evidens est ut idem nomen "*Portree*" pro nomine de "*Portgrave*," populus Anglicus, a Saxonica lingua processu temporis barbarizans, civitatum presidibus tribuebat.

Further on, again, we have—

"Aldermann," per etymologiam nomine seniores dicti sunt. *Alde* enim Saxonice "senex" et *alder* "senior" est; et sic, quia in senioribus plus viget consilium, quod apud Romanos "Consul" vel "Senator" dicebatur, apud nos dicitur "Aldermannus." In Aldermannis tamen senectus mentis magis quam corporis, et morum gravitas plus quam temporis antiquitas, est pensanda; unde est, antiquis legibus Regis Knutonis et aliorum Regum Saxonum, "Aldermannus" qui nunc dicitur "Jude" et "Justiciarius" vocabatur, ut patet Libro Custumarum, folio . . . Pluribus aliis in legibus tamen Sancti Edwardi, qui nunc "Justiciarii" dicuntur, vocabantur "lagemanni," a *lage* Saxonice quod "lex" est Latine; unde "lagemannus" qui "legis homo;" quem dicimus nunc "jurispritem," vel melius "legislatorem."

The analogy between Rome and London occurs again elsewhere:—

Quæ vero nos wardmoja vocamus Romani "plebiscita" vocaverant; quæ apud Saxones "*folkesmot*" antiquitus dicebantur.



A passage, written, according to Mr. Riley, "in a different and much later hand," but which, from the mention of abbots, cannot be much more than a century later, takes a much higher flight:—

Inter nobiles urbes orbis quas fama celebrat, civitas Londoniarum regni Angliæ sedes una est principalis quæ famam sui nominis latius diffundit. Felix est aeris salubritate, Christiana religione, dignissima libertate, antiquissima fundatione. Nam urbe Romana, secundum chronicorum fidem, satis antiquior est: ab eisdem quoque prioribus Trojanis, hæc prius a Bruto in similitudinem magnæ Trojæ condita est quam illa a Remo et Romulo: unde adhuc ejusdem antiquæ civitatis Trojæ libertatibus, juriibus, et consuetudinibus, utitur, et gaudet institutis. Habet enim senatoriam dignitatem et magistratus minores; habet etiam annuos pro Consulibus Vicecomes. Quotquot enim illuc accedunt, ejusdemque conditionis fuerint, liberi vel servi, tuitionis et libertatis refugium ibidem consequuntur. Omnes fere episcopi, abbates, et magnates Angliæ quasi cives et municeps sunt urbis illius, sua ibidem habentes ædificia præclara.

No wonder, then, that to be an alderman of such a city required no small qualifications. Many virtues were needed in officers who "Barones antiquitus dicebantur," and who when dead were buried as such. But alas!—

Per subitas crebrasque mutationes Aldermannorum, frequentesque pestilentias paulatim perit et evanuit in Londiniis ille ritus. Ex hoc tamen patet; quantus honor Aldermannis antiquitus est impensus. Non enim acceptabatur aliquis in Aldermannum nisi corpore non deformis, mente sapiens et discretus, locuples, honestus, fidelis, liber, multatierisque villis aut serviliis conditionis: ne forti dedecus aut opprobrium, quod sibi ratione sue geniture impropere possit, in aliorum Aldermannorum et totius civitatis dedecus redundaret.

If such were the Aldermen, what was the Lord Mayor? Twice as great, we infer, as the Great King himself. 'Ο βασιλεὺς ὀφθαλμὸς appears on the Athenian stage one and indivisible; but the Mayor of London was no "monoculus;" he had two eyes in his sheriffs. "Quare vicecomes majoris oculi dicuntur" is the heading of a chapter in *Liber Albus*.

Perhaps what strikes one most, in looking through the volume, is the spirit of over-legislation which it everywhere displays. Every trade, every sort of dealing, was made the subject of countless petty regulations. This was the vice of the age. We find it in many an Act of Parliament, passing on from mediæval times into the ages of Mr. Froude's idolatry, and indeed into ages later still. But of course it comes out more forcibly in the legislation of a city than in that of a kingdom. To leave people to mind their own business seems to be the latest lesson which rulers are brought to learn. In short, if any one wants to know not only how people were governed, but how they ate and drank, bought and sold, and did everything in the City of London under the Edwards, he cannot do better than diligently get up Mr. Riley's *Introductory Analysis*. He will there find such a mass of curious facts that he will be inclined easily to pardon a little poverty of style, and a little twaddle about the merits of Mr. Thomas Brewer and of the City of London School. Neither of these have we the slightest wish to depreciate, only their discussion does not seem to us quite in place in an antiquarian volume sent forth by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**F**OREMOST among the works which have issued from the French press within the last two months, may be reckoned the two new volumes\* which the Prince de Broglie has added to that *History of the Church and the Empire* of which the first two volumes have been noticed at length in this journal. These, it will be remembered, brought down the narrative to the death of Constantine the Great. We now start with the advent to empire of his three sons, Constantine the Younger, Constans, and Constantius. The period embraced ranges from the year 337 to 364, when the accession of a new imperial family in the persons of Valentinian and his brother Valens ushered in a new phase of the *Church and the Empire*, which will form the subject of two concluding volumes. The cardinal interest of those now before us resides in the person of Julian, who, with Constantius, his uncle, occupies the foreground of the picture. Of the eight chapters into which these two volumes are divided, the first is entitled "Athanase à Rome." It relates with singular clearness and great critical acumen the plots, counterplots, and intrigues of every kind, by which Eusebius of Nicomedia and his Arian followers endeavoured to compass the downfall of Athanasius. But the great Bishop of Alexandria, "patient of labour, jealous of fame, careless of safety," as Gibbon, we think, describes him, put to nought by fearless frankness the secret machinations of his foes, and even escaped the more dangerous snares of Imperial favours. The dates of the events here recorded are involved in considerable obscurity, which taxes all the sagacity of M. de Broglie. The second chapter is entitled "Transformation du Paganisme," and is intended to show by what degrees Christian institutions and Christian habits of thought gained a footing in the Empire and weaned the minds of men from Pagan influences. In this chapter we must call particular attention to M. de Broglie's admirable sketch of the development of monastic institutions, of the modification of the codes by Christian modes of thought, and of the condition of Pagan philosophy and faith. The

third chapter (A.D. 345—356), is headed "La Jeunesse de Julien." The arts of dissimulation which were imposed upon Julian, who read in the death of his father and of his brother Gallus the fate which might be reserved for himself by the jealousy of the Emperor Constantius, are traced with a masterly pen, and form a narrative of the highest interest, especially in that portion which deals with his education at Athens. The first volume concludes with a chapter (A.D. 356—360) on "La Persecution Arienne." Amid the war of words about *homoousios* and *homotousios*, *hypothesis* and *ousia*, we may be permitted to doubt whether a tenth part of those who joined in the fray had any clear idea (assuming such to be possible) of what they were talking about. Those who are familiar with ecclesiastical history will remember how the Council of Rimini adopted, and how Constantius imposed upon all, an equivocal form of words, which proved at once equally satisfactory and equally hostile to those who were semi-Arians and quarter-Arians and no Arians at all. It may be added that the adhesion given to the new formula by the majority who carried the day at the Council of Rimini savours strongly of jobbery; for the edict which imposed the colourless symbol of Rimini on the faith of Christendom announced the immunity of the lands of the Church from taxation as granted at the instance of the Council. "Better far," exclaimed Hilary, "the cruelty of a Nero or a Decius than the withering favours of the Antichrist Constantius." Hilary's prayer was answered. "De la poussière antique de Rome, de la cendre des Décus et des Sévères, s'était élevé un ouvrier de la colère céleste, chargé de venger et d'éprouver le peuple de Dieu, de châtier les séducteurs et de purifier les victimes." With these words, which wind up the first volume, we take our leave for the present of M. de Broglie. The second volume is almost entirely devoted to the reign of Julian. "Julien en Gaule," "Julien Auguste," "Julien Persécuteur"—such are the titles of its three opening chapters, which are followed by one on the reign of his successor, Jovian, and the accession, as we have already stated, of Valentinian. The qualities displayed in this volume are similar in kind, and not inferior in degree, to those which elicited our commendations on a former occasion. It is rare to meet with a history of the Church so free from the narrow passions and covert malignity which seem to be the peculiar apanage of Ecclesiastical historians. The virulent manner in which M. de Broglie has been assailed by the Ultramontane party in France is one of his highest claims to the respect of all moderate and educated men.

Those who take any interest in the history and philology of the French language will feel thankful to M. Rouland for the support, in the shape of a "*souscription importante*," by which M. Livet has been enabled to give to the world a work of which the readers will necessarily be a select few. We allude to a careful and copious analysis of the French grammars\* published during the sixteenth century. The author begins with Jacques Dubois or Jacobus Sylvius. This grammar, like most of the early grammars, was written in Latin—being intended, as Dubois states in his preface, for foreigners. It was published in 1531, and printed in France. The year before, Palsgrave had published in London his invaluable Grammar of the French Language, written in English; but many years elapsed before it found its way to France. Dubois was succeeded by Meigret, the first author of a French treatise on the French language, and the founder, as he might be called, of the phonetic nuisance. His controversies with the famous Pelletier and with Des Autels were nearly as fiery, but not quite so barren as the Arian controversies of which we have just been speaking. Of one of the difficulties raised in this discussion—namely, the doubling of the letter *l* in words such as *querelle* and *cantelle*, which in Latin have only one—some of our English readers may care to know the solution which baffled the inquiry of the French grammarian in the sixteenth century. "Avant l'invention des accents, on redoublait la consonne après l'e pour lui donner le son aigu: encore maintenant nous écrivons *il appelle, il jette*, quoique l'accent tende à obtenir un emploi uniforme et qu'il paraisse déjà dans *il achète*." M. Livet very sensibly adds, "Ainsi se sont accomplis, ainsi peuvent seulement s'accomplir les réformes orthographiques: la règle générale d'aujourd'hui a commencé par être une exception, et si l'exception d'aujourd'hui devient règle, ce sera par une extension lente et successive." We should mention in passing that the analyses of these ancient grammars are accompanied throughout with notes or intercalated with remarks which show that M. Livet has given much thought as well as reading to his subject. We come next to an analysis of the grammar of the famous Ramus, first published in 1572. M. Brunet speaks of an anterior anonymous edition of 1562, but M. Livet says he has never met with it. In this, as in all his grammars, we find "le singulier mélange d'un observateur gêné par les préjugés d'une logique inopportune, et d'un logicien entravé dans les synthèses par les analyses de l'observateur." The notes and remarks in this chapter are very full and instructive. See especially the note at p. 199, on the distinction of *i* and *u*, from *j* and *v*. One of the most curious features of these grammars of the *Seizième siècle* is the sturdy indifference shown by their authors to the history of the language. Without any conception of the laws which govern grammatical forms and *word-building*, they took the language as spoken in

\* *L'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au Quatrième Siècle*. Par M. Albert de Broglie. Deuxième partie. Constance et Julien. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

\* *La Grammaire Française et les Grammairiens au Seizième Siècle*. Par Ch. L. Livet. Paris: Didier and Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

their own time, and proceeded thereupon to evolve a grammar out of their own consciousness. Thus, Ramus opens his chapter on prepositions by the enumeration of the following six—"à, au, aux, de, du, des"—naïvely adding that *à* and *de* may be used with or without an article, as the exigency requires, but that the others never take the article! It is strange that the analogy of the Italian forms, to say nothing of the older forms in his own language, should not have set him right. The following chapter is devoted to the grammars of Jean Garnier, Jean Pillot, and Abel Mathieu. In the latter we note a conceit familiar to students of Sanscrit, by virtue of which the consonants are represented as "cavaliers," and the vowels as "dames." The volume concludes with an admirable *étude* on the labours, grammatical and lexicographical, of Robert and Henri Estienne. Here, however, our space will not allow us to follow M. Livet. We can only hope that the learned author may meet with due encouragement. We know from experience the labour involved in wading through the pages of these musty old grammars—a labour which will be materially lightened if M. Livet fulfils his promise of publishing a new edition of their texts.

At the present crisis in the affairs of Turkey and the Principalities, it may not be amiss to call attention to a useful repository of information on the past history, and of ingenious conjectures on the future prospects of the East, contained in a volume\* from the pen of M. Poujade, whose name must be familiar to readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In that periodical many of the *Études* in this volume originally appeared, but they have since been recast and worked up with other articles on the same subject. With the sentiments of M. Poujade, especially as regards the question of the Ionian Islands, we cannot always agree; but it would be unfair to suppose that he is animated by any systematic hostility to this country, and it is impossible to deny that the inquiries of which the results are here set forth are the fruit of much research and of no inconsiderable thought.

M. Victor de Nouvion has given us a third volume† of his *History of the Reign of Louis Philippe*. It extends from the June insurrections of 1832 to the battle of Sickak and the relief of Tlemcen by Bugeaud in July, 1836. The insurrections already named—the siege of Antwerp—the progress of the French in Algeria from 1830 to 1832—the moral and intellectual condition of France as manifested in the writings of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Lamennais, and in the general literature and drama of the times—the episode of the Duchesse de Berri's imprisonment at the fortress of Blaye—the encroachments of the Republican party in 1832 and 1833, which found their natural issue in the April insurrections of 1834—the external policy of the Government—the Ministerial crises which took place in the summer and autumn of 1834, including the *Ministère des trois jours*—the trial of the April insurgents, so soon followed by the Fieschi plot on the 28th May, 1835—the famous *lois de Septembre*—and lastly, the *Guerre d'Afrique* down to the period already named—such are the contents of the present volume, which M. Nouvion lays before us in a manly, vigorous style that makes the book very pleasant reading. A fourth and fifth volume are announced as in the press.

Those to whom German is an unknown tongue will be glad to learn that M. Sadous, a professor at the *Lycée de Versailles*, and himself a Sanscrit scholar, has recently translated‡ into French Weber's admirable Lectures on the Literature of India, as well as the same author's resumé of modern researches into the ancient history of India, which appeared in the "Indische Skizzen." This last, however, which serves as an introduction to the volume before us, has already been translated into English. It is somewhat mortifying to reflect that we Englishmen, who hold the empire of India, are so lamentably outstripped by Continental scholars in the study of Sanscrit literature. The consequences of such neglect on our missionary efforts in India are too patent to need more than a passing allusion.

To pass from the Old to the New World, M. Mondot, a professor at Montpellier, has collected together a mass of very interesting information§ on the Indian tribes of North America, in an octavo volume, compiled out of the three handsome folios published by authority of Congress, in 1851, under the auspices of Mr. Schoolcraft. The past history of the Indians from the earliest times to which conjecture can reach, their moral and physical condition, their mythology and religion, their habits of life, their government, or rather their anarchy, the ancient remains excavated in their territories—everything, in short, which the Commission appointed by Congress was able to ferret out respecting the Indians—is here put succinctly before us. Several lithographed plates serve to illustrate the text.

In the shape of a University thesis—so often in France the vehicle of a standard work—M. Sandras|| has published an in-

teresting *étude* on the sources from which Chaucer derived the subjects of his works. M. Sandras reserves for the second part of his inquiry the better known *Canterbury Tales*. In the first part he treats of Chaucer's translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, and of his obligations to the *Filostrato* and *Teseida* of Boccaccio on the one hand, and to Machault on the other. In the second part he discusses with considerable sagacity the different sources, mediate and direct, from which Chaucer gathered the theme of his *Canterbury Tales*. M. Sandras seems to be well acquainted with the Chaucerian literature of this country; and his warm admiration of the genius of old Geoffrey entitles him to a cordial welcome from the English public.

M. Michon has just published a very able treatise on the cereal products of Italy under the Romans.\* It is full of independent research and sagacious reflections, and will at once take its place among the standard authorities on Roman agriculture. The general drift of the book may best be described in the author's own words—"Cette étude se divise d'elle-même en deux parties: dans la première, je rechercherai les conditions physiques de la culture sur le sol de l'Italie, les variétés de céréales connues des anciens, et les procédés agricoles. Dans la seconde partie, toute historique, je montrerai le développement, les progrès, et aussi la décadence de cet art, sous l'influence des événements politiques." One of the most intricate questions discussed in these pages is the identification of the different kinds of cereals mentioned by Latin writers. M. Michon brings to this discussion a large amount of well-digested reading.

Our readers have probably seen in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February last, a novel called *Elle et Lui*,† written by George Sand, which it required no great penetration to see was the history—or at least Madame Sand's version of the history—of her amours with Alfred de Musset. The writer does not inform us whether she means to add any tales of a similar nature to the one already published, and to collect them under the title of *Elle et Lui*. Be this as it may, the friends of Alfred de Musset, who had long ago quarrelled with his quondam mistress, were indignant at what, if true, would have been an unfeeling insult to the memory of the dead, and was a hundredfold worse as a tissue of calumnies. Accordingly, the retort uncourteous has since made its appearance in Charpentier's *Magasin de la Librairie*, under the title of "*Lui et Elle*,"‡ and from the pen of Paul de Musset, the poet's brother,—who, by the way, is on the point of publishing in the same *magasin*, a biography proper of the poet. To return to the novel last named—for a novel by courtesy it professes to be—Madame Sand finds the tables turned upon her with a vengeance which she would have done well not to provoke. In *Elle et Lui*, Madame Sand and Musset figure as painters; in *Lui et Elle*, they are presented as composers under the names of Madame Olympe de B., alias W. Caze and Edouard de Falconey. Of course if Caze be Sand, Cazeau is Jules Sandeau. On the other pseudonyms in these two extraordinary books we will not enlarge. Suffice it to say that every one will recognise the late Gustave Planche in the description of the slovenly uncouth Diogene. The whole affair constitutes as pretty a hornet's nest as we would wish to see. Madame Sand, we believe, knows something of Shakspeare, or the "amiable William," as Frenchmen style him. If so, she will perhaps be reminded at the present time of a passage in which our pleasant vices are represented as being made instruments to scourge us. The only creditable thing in the whole affair is the plucky way in which Paul de Musset rushes to the rescue of his brother's memory. We confess there is an air of truthfulness about *Lui et Elle* which is wanting in *Elle et Lui*. If we are not misinformed, Alfred de Musset had a presentiment that George Sand would do her best to make literary capital of the relations which existed between them if she proved the survivor, and accordingly left behind him letters and memoranda to confute any calumnies in which she might indulge at his expense. We have dwelt at some length on this matter, because the sensation which this episode in French literature has caused in Parisian circles is only second, if second, to that caused by bulletins from another seat of war. *Apropos* of George Sand, we may mention in conclusion that she has just published a pamphlet, or rather a rhapsody, on *La Guerre*,§ as destined to accomplish the independence of Italy. There is a good deal of very fine writing in it, but most English readers we apprehend would be prosaic enough to call it bosh!

\* *Des Céréales en Italie sous les Romains*. Par L. A. Joseph Michon. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate.

† *Elle et Lui*. Par George Sand. Paris: Hachette. (Reprinted from the "Revue des Deux Mondes.")

‡ *Lui et Elle*. Par Paul de Musset. In the "Magasin de la Librairie" of Charpentier. April, May.

§ George Sand: *La Guerre*. Librairie Nouvelle. 1859.

\* *Chrétiens et Turcs*. Par M. E. Poujade. Paris: Didier. 1859.

† *Histoire du Règne de Louis Philippe I.* 1830—1848. Tome III. Par Victor de Nouvion. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1859.

‡ *Histoire de la Littérature Indienne*. Traduit de l'Allemand par Alfred Sadous, Docteur-es-Lettres, Professeur au Lycée de Versailles. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

§ *Histoire des Indiens des Etats-Unis*. Par Armand Mondot. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

|| *Etude sur Chaucer considéré comme Imitateur des Trouvères*. Par E. G. Sandras, Agrégé de l'Institut. Paris: Durand. London: Jeffs. 1859.

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Sunday Evening, June 26th.—Rev. H. MELVILLE, B.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen.

Divine Service will commence at Seven o'clock.

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Diocesan Home Mission, 79, Pall-mall, June 1st, 1859.

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ALEXANDRE and SON have just taken out a New Patent for the Drawing-Room Harmonium, which effects the greatest improvement they have ever made in the Instrument. The Drawing-Room Models will be found of a softer, purer, and in all respects more agreeable tone than any other instruments. They have a perfect and easy means of producing a diminuendo or crescendo on any one note or more; the bass can be perfectly subdued, without even the use of the Expression Stop, the great difficulty in other Harmoniums. To each of the New Models an additional blower is attached at the back, so that the wind can be supplied (if preferred) by a second person, and still, *under the New Patent*, the performer can play with perfect expression. The Harmonium is now admirably adapted to all expressive Melodies, to Songs, and in fact to the best Secular as well as Sacred Music.

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